

THE
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MR. CARINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE NOELS OF SALISBURY.

"Laudator temporis acti."

SOCIETY, even more than political life in England, has been curiously transformed within a century. Those who have read the Malmesbury Correspondence will recollect the delightful letters of Mrs. Harris, wife of the author of *Hermes*, to her son, the distinguished diplomatist who became first Earl of Malmesbury. Her vivid sketches and witty comments have never been outdone by any lady letter-writer; and lady letter-writers are always the best, provided, as somebody said, they never cross.

From her letters, which never attempt to be brilliant, yet are never dull, it is clear, that both London and the country have changed for the worse during the century, so far as the easy gaiety of a sumptuous society is concerned. Both are wealthier: in London there is a vaster concourse of opulent people, who vie with each other in the exhibition of magnificence; but the free simplicity of that time is past when the Lord Chief Justice might be seen at Mrs. Cornely's, when cotillions were danced at the Pantheon, when the Tuesday-night Club gave masquerades at Almack's, when the *Savoir Vivre* Club had their grand regatta from Blackfriars to Westminster, with dinner at Ranelagh and supper at Vauxhall, when Miss Lloyd started her ladies' coffee-room at Boodle's, for cards all day, and especially, too, after eleven o'clock supper, and which was so exclusive that the Duchess of Bedford was black-balled; when ladies, instead of filling their houses with a crowd at their evening receptions, stayed at home and let in masques. What would the decorous old gentlemen of Boodle's say if a young lady of fashion proposed to them a ladies' coffee-room in these days—the serious

card-playing to begin at midnight? As to the masques, surely it was pleasant to be disturbed in your drawing-room by a French abbess, or a gang of milkmaids, pails and all, or a blind fiddler; all your intimate friends, you know; but you could not always make them out at first. This was only possible when the chief aristocracy of London lived all in one set; when the millionaire had not been invented. Now there is no chance of such fantastic fun, neither ostentatious nor vulgar. Every one is trying to outshine his equals, and get into the houses of his superiors. The enjoyable serenity of the upper stratum of social life is troubled by invaders from below.

At the same time, other cities and towns have suffered from the centralising effect of modern movements. Mrs. Harris describes the ladies of the Cathedral Close at Salisbury giving theatrical entertainments . . . five nights, the first to the servants only. So attractive these amusements, that there was interest made for tickets for the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry by Lord and Lady Pembroke. The young ladies disdained not to wear superb male costumes, and sometimes found their swords too long for them. Will New Sarum ever see the like again? It is most certain that not Salisbury alone, but every important town in England (cathedral cities especially) was, a century ago, full of intellectual life and social gaiety.

About the time that Mrs. Harris was writing her lively letters, one Matthew Noel was a wine merchant in the Market Place of Salisbury, somewhere near where now stands the melancholy statue of Lord Herbert of Lea. Whence came Noel in his boyhood is now untraceable; probability points to Edington in Wiltshire, on the wide leads of whose famous priory church many rascally young Noels have cut their names. Matthew came to Salisbury as apprentice; rose to be master; rose to be mayor: came in time to dine with the Dean, and to witness those very private theatricals. Moreover, on the sly, he was proprietor of a journal, the *Salisbury Whig* . . . wherein, according to the fashion of the age, little biting paragraphs of scandal were inserted. They were as good as conundrums, or better.

Matthew Noel, whose portrait is before me, taken at his residence, appears to me to have been a short rosy-cheeked old gentleman, close on sixty, with merry knowing blue eyes, a lace neck-tie, and frilled shirt, blue coat with brass buttons, cord breeches, and silk stockings covering legs unwithered by age. He stands erect, a quaint old oak cabinet behind him. The oddest part of it was that for twenty years previously to his wedding he had been nicknamed Bachelor Noel . . . not that he disliked the sex, for he loved them all and singular, but that he seemed too fond of his chimney-corner, his snug supper, his cosy chat with an old crony about matters municipal over a glass of special port or claret. Surprise was there in Salisbury when it was found that he had married. He committed this rash act

in London, whither he went for business and pleasure once a year: and his wife, who was about thirty-six, was the sister of an importer with whom he dealt. She was handsome and clever . . . but a Quakeress. This astonished Salisbury more than ever. That Bachelor Noel should marry—that his wife should be as tall as himself—that she should be a Quakeress! The gossip was endless, the excitement breathless: the witty young actresses of the Close talked about making a farce of it.

There was a greater surprise in store for Salisbury. Matthew brought his wife to the cathedral morning service dressed like any other lady—and dressed very well, too. How had he managed this rapid conversion? When she came down first, she inveighed against the wicked levities of the Salisbury church-folk, and declared she never would enter the cathedral—never. Matthew, an obstinate humorous fellow, said—

“O yes you will, Rebecca, for three reasons.”

“What are thy three reasons, Matthew?”

“First I know you love me, and I wish it.”

“I love thee, Matthew; but human love is secondary to divine love.”

“Next, it is your duty to obey me.”

“It is a higher duty to obey a higher power.”

“Well, then, Rebecca, hear the third. If you don’t go to church, I shall lose some of my best customers.”

This was conclusive. Mrs. Noel became a rational woman, and was very popular in Salisbury.

Although Matthew was very fond of his wife, it is probable that his desire for an heir was his primary reason for marrying at all. He had accumulated a good deal of money, and bought a pretty little estate a few miles from Salisbury, and had no near relations of whom he knew anything. A vigorous man, who all his life had been temperate, he fully expected what he longed for; and when four years passed and he was still childless, he became despairing. However the next year brought him his desired fortune: he found himself father of as fine a boy as he could wish, and, being a staunch Hanoverian, loyally christened him *GEORGE*, after the King.

George Noel proved a failure in more ways than one. The temper of some weak ancestor had come out in him. He was a pretty boy, but terribly slow: at the grammar school they could not hammer the mere rudiments of arithmetic into him; and when he came to be employed in the business, he was scarcely of any use, even as a clerk. Worse than this, he fell in love with every girl he met; and at seventeen was entrapped by a flighty young hussy of about his own age, but a deal cleverer, who managed to arrange a clandestine marriage. About this time his mother died . . . of a broken heart, they said, in Salisbury: and the foolish boy himself died before his child was born. The child, to Matthew’s great sorrow, was a girl.

The old gentleman, now above eighty, consulted his friends as to what to do. One of them, Lawyer Pinniger, spake thus:—

"Your manager, Gibbs, is a trusty man?"

"Thoroughly."

"He has saved money, I know. I have invested some for him. Take him into partnership, with a view of his purchasing the business."

"Good advice," said Matthew. "I will. But now about my granddaughter. Her mother is too flighty a wench to have care of a child. It was a bitter day for me and his mother when that Rose Conway got hold of George."

"Her husband's death and her baby will steady her. Those young hussies are not altogether bad. She can live with you: she has no money, I know: that will help to keep her in order. Besides, you've an old housekeeper who will watch her."

"If it weren't that I want to die in Salisbury, I'd go and live at my little place at Eastham. But that jade will want to marry again."

"So much the better: then you can take the girl into your own hands. Stay in Salisbury: what would the city be without you? We should hardly miss the spire more. How many bishops have you seen out?"

"Well," said Matthew, "draw up a partnership deed between me and Gibbs . . . and make me another will. I'll leave everything to the child; but any one who marries her is to take the name of Noel."

"And what is the baby's name to be?" asked Pinniger.

"Charlotte, of course."

Old Matthew's orders were strictly obeyed: and his will ordained that if Charlotte Noel should marry any one who declined to take the name of Noel, she was to have a hundred a year for life, and the remainder of the property should pass to the Crown. Such was his strenuous belief in the House of Hanover.

Lawyer Pinniger was right in his opinion: Mrs. George Noel was sobered by her husband's death. Age also brought her some amount of sense: she loved her little Charlotte, and took the greatest care of her; she was also respectfully attentive to her venerable father-in-law, who forgot his prejudices against her, and regarded her quite as his daughter. Little Charlotte grew up so charming that any man might have been ready to change his name for her alone, without reference to her fortune.

Lawyer Pinniger was right also in advising Matthew Noel to stay in his beloved city. If Matthew had gone to live at Eastham he would soon have ended his life. But he was still senior partner in the firm of Noel and Gibbs, and could advise his junior on occasions: he still had his familiar chimney-corner, and though his older cronies were gone, their sons were glad to hear his recollections of their fathers, and of Salisbury as it once was, but never would be again;

everybody welcomed him as, leaning on his daughter-in-law's arm, he cheapened meat in Saturday's market, or entered the cathedral on Sunday with a step some men half his age might have envied. He saw out another bishop. He was second in importance to Sarum's sky-piercing spire.

He lived to see his granddaughter about fifteen, and died with perfect serenity, scarcely conscious of his easy passage from this world to the next. Every shop was shut when his coffin was carried to the cathedral: all Salisbury followed it: the Dean on the Sunday after preached a funeral sermon that showed he loved the old wine-merchant. For the Dean, himself nearly seventy, remembered Matthew, as old as himself now, when he was first appointed to his deanery.

Mrs. George Noel and Charlotte retired to Eastham, Gibbs becoming sole owner of the business on payment to Charlotte of the sum arranged by Lawyer Pinniger. The property was of course in trust: but as Matthew Noel found his daughter-in-law improve he added a codicil to his will giving her a comfortable annuity for life. Eastham was only a simple farmstead of a few hundred acres. Matthew had let it to a farmer, but built on to the old farm-house a set of comfortable rooms, where he could go when he liked. The river Avon sparkled through the grounds; there were trim gardens and green meadows. To Charlotte, an imaginative child, it seemed like heaven. She had that faculty of transmutation which, though delightful, was also dangerous. Nothing to her was what it seemed. Just as moonlight turns a coarse village into a scene of absolute beauty, so her mind transfigured all it beheld. The Salisbury spire seemed of infinite height; the Salisbury quire a quire of angels. Her mother did not know what to make of the child, and was quite incapable of restraining this imaginative tendency.

Hence it was that Charlotte found herself quite by accident desperately in love with Captain Dick Lovelace, younger brother of Canon Lovelace, who had come home invalided. Captain Dick looked twenty a few yards off, and forty close by. He had very little but his pay . . . indeed it was probably a minus quantity. To him, in an evil hour, Charlotte became known at a tea-party in the Close; and, as he knew about her fortune (it was the talk of the town indeed), and knew how to make love to little girls, no wonder she went home fascinated. He did not hesitate to follow up his advantage; and, in spite of all the remonstrances of Lawyer Pinniger the Second (his father's son and successor), and of the trustees, Charlotte, little fool, was resolved to have her own way. Of course she got it. Then the lawyer insisted on settlements.

"Settlements!" said Lovelace to Charlotte, as they wandered along the bank of Avon one lovely afternoon. "Money matters between you and me, my darling!"

"Yes; isn't it shockingly wicked? How can we avoid it?"

"There is only one way, my beauty. Let us go off and marry without a word to any one."

"O, I daren't! Think of mamma."

"She will not blame us; but she must not know beforehand, as the trustees might think her in fault."

Charlotte was persuaded: Captain Lovelace, a man of resources, carried her off without leaving a trace behind. He was kind to her at first in an off-hand way: but when he had complete command of the money he made her understand he was master, and that he looked upon her as a little fool. Poor Charlotte began to think so too. He would not hear of Mrs. Noel's living with them. "She has her annuity," he said,—*"more than she can want."*

Captain Noel sold out, took his wife to lodgings in St. James's Street, superbly appointed in the best taste of the time, paid his debts, renewed his old habits. He was a desperate gamester and rake. He was always from home except on Wednesdays, when he and his friend the Honourable Charles Delamere, a tall man of fifty, with iron-grey hair, kept a bank against all comers. Lonely as Charlotte was on all other days of the week, she preferred that remorseful solitude to the brilliant horror of the Wednesday night. She was obliged to be there, blazing with diamonds, in a new costume every week, to receive the company: for ladies came as well as gentlemen . . . and when women play they are more desperate than men.

Charlotte, a simple country girl, could not half understand the scene. She heard dice rattle on the green cloth, she saw piles of gold pass from one to another, she saw great goblets of sparkling wine tossed down at the sideboard, she saw greedy joy in some eyes and the agony of despair in others. No one seemed immovable save Delamere and her husband. It was wicked, she felt. It almost drove her mad. Yet all the time she was obliged to be courteous to these dreadful visitors, for Captain Noel incessantly watched her.]

"You are your own mistress six evenings of the week, madam," he would sternly say: "I expect you to be my servant on the seventh."

On these Wednesdays there was always a sumptuous supper, to which every one sat down whose appetite was not ruined. These were few: your gambler always hopes, always indeed believes in his returning luck; and as nothing makes one hungrier and thirstier than play, and as Noel's little suppers were famous, the company was seldom diminished. Indeed the gambling grew brisker after supper, and luck often changed.

The time came when poor Charlotte got an enforced holiday: for she was so weakened by excitement and distress that the doctor prohibited her entering into any society for the sake of her unborn child. Noel swore, but submitted. Charlotte, in her lonely bedroom, listen-

ing to the hum of voices far below, was thankful to escape the sneers of meretricious women, the impudent stare of licentious men. Captain Noel's guests knew what Captain Noel was, and evidently thought his wife no better. The sole exception was a handsome, well-dressed man, a little over thirty . . . Frank Carington, who played now and then, staking a single piece of gold, but who preferred looking on, and who was fond of talking to Charlotte. She was only too thankful to hear his pleasant talk . . . the talk of a man of the world stooping to an uninformed woman. Charlotte saw that every one paid much deference to Carington, and seemed anxious to be on friendly terms with him—also that sometimes a saying of his, to her unintelligible, would make everybody laugh. She had no notion that he was the most biting wit and best-dressed man in London.

One evening the bank had lost heavily. Noel and Delamere were both out of temper when the party broke up. Carington and Colonel Knyvett of the Guards were just leaving together, at about two, when Noel said,—

“Don't go, Knyvett. Come into the supper-room and have another snack. Delamere and I are going to play *écarté*.”

They turned back.

“Going to bed at a fixed time is one of the causes of social decay,” said Carington.

“Play's another,” said the Colonel, a laconic man, who always talked as if giving the word of command.

“Not at all, my dear Knyvett. Try this champagne. But for play, we should be drinking small beer like virtuous Prince Hal. Enjoyment means excitement. I ask you, Colonel, if you felt as much excitement when you headed your famous cavalry charge, or ran away with you know who, as that time you won twenty thousand pounds in two nights and a day at whist.”

“All three took it out of me,” said Knyvett.

Noel and Delamere had already begun their *écarté*. Suddenly the latter exclaimed,—

“Damn you, Noel, you can always turn the king.”

Noel threw the cards at him.

“Where are your pistols, Noel?” shouted Delamere. “We'll have it out now. Here are seconds. You've cheated me long enough.”

“I knew it would come to this,” whispered Carington. “That's why I have been here so much lately. Bet you five to two in tens both drop.”

“Done,” said the Colonel.

The men were placed, Carington acting for Delamere. The faces of the two sworn friends were hideous with fiendish hatred. They fired together. Noel fell, shot through the heart. His opponent was untouched.

"Poor devil!" said Carington. "He's gone, and so are my fifty. If you'll look after him, Knyvett, I'll go to his unhappy little wife, upstairs."

The Honourable Charles Delamere drank off a tumbler of wine at a gulp, threw himself into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed like a child.

Carington ran upstairs as fast as he could, and found Charlotte in her night-dress on the landing crying—

"What is it? O what is it? Is he dead?"

"Get into bed, for God's sake, Mrs. Noel," he said, forcing her into her room; and calling to her maid. "How damned sound maid-servants sleep," he muttered; "they have none of the cares of life."

Maids came in time, and a doctor; and about an hour after his father's death Frank Noel was born.

CHAPTER II.

THE SEQUEL.

Alix. Can men change?
Women alone I thought were changeable.
You tell us that we vary every hour,
Ay, every minute.

Raphael. So you do, my sweet:
And 'tis your rarest charm. Thus fair flowers change
With every warm kiss of the summer sun.
Man changes only once, and then for ever.

The Comedy of Dreams.

UNIMAGINABLE are the terror and anguish which fell upon Charlotte as, lying awake in pain and suspense, she heard two pistol-shots ring suddenly through that dreadful house. It was fortunate for her that her physical condition rendered her insensible when she was placed in bed; so that not for more than a week did she learn the fate of her unhappy husband. Her mother, who had been living in a small house at Salisbury, had been summoned to London at once; and, so soon as she could be removed, took her down to her own quiet home.

For Eastham was gone. When Lovelace Noel's affairs were investigated, it appeared that he had recklessly wasted his wife's property, and that very small indeed was the residue. Lawyer Pinniger entered into the inquiry resolutely, feeling deep pity for his poor little client. Noel's affairs were found to be curiously complicated; he owed large sums to his tradespeople, whom he had never paid so long as he could put them off; but on the other hand his note-books revealed considerable amounts due to him as debts of honour. This Pinniger would never have discovered but for Mr. Carington, who suspected

that it might be so, and suggested examination. Nor could the lawyer have done much towards collecting these debts; but Mr. Carington gave him most efficient aid.

Mr. Carington was at that time, perhaps, the most distinguished of London exclusives; one of those men who, by wit, taste, tact, force of character, take a decisive lead in society. All doors in the realm of fashion opened to him. He was at home everywhere. His judgment was final on the style of a woman; many a pretty girl got well married merely because Mr. Carington patronized her. He seemed, but of course was not, unconscious of his power; and one secret of his success was his impenetrable *insouciance*.

On the present occasion he said to Pinniger:

"Well, you see how it is. That scoundrel has run through all his wife's property. His debts seem about balanced by what is due to him."

"Yes," replied the lawyer; "but his debts *must* be paid, so far as the money will go, while what is due to him seems irrecoverable."

Mr. Carington smiled, offered Pinniger a pinch of snuff from a gold box set with brilliants, the gift of a Prince, and then said:

"You look at matters legally, Mr. Pinniger: I regard them socially. I should reverse your remarks, and say that most of the debts of honour will be paid in full, while the trade debts need not be paid in full. Will you, before taking action, give me a week to try an experiment?"

"With pleasure," replied Pinniger.

Mr. Carington's experiment was in this wise. That day he met at White's Sir James Rothwell, whose name was in Noel's books. The baronet, whom he had not encountered for some time, asked him to dinner.

"Very happy, Sir James. By the way, you know all about poor Noel's fate. He was a sad scamp, and has ruined his unlucky little wife—run through all her property."

"Didn't suppose she had any; thought she was rather fi-fi."

"Quite wrong, Rothwell; she was a good simple girl from Salisbury; and inherited from her grandfather, a wine-merchant, a very fair estate, which Noel wasted. I am doing my best to save her from starving by looking after the play-debts due to him."

"By Jove!" said Sir James, "I owe him a couple of hundred. I'll draw a cheque at once."

Not everybody was quite so prompt as Sir James Rothwell; but, as not a man about town dared to make Mr. Carington his enemy, his success was almost complete. A few gentlemen had levanted, and one was dead: but that was all in the way of failure.

Simultaneously he tried the tradesmen:

"Mr. Leroy," he said to that fashionable tailor, who, when he saw Mr. Carington enter his shop, came forward himself, only too anxious

for an order, "you have Captain Noel's name on your books, I think."

"Yes, Mr. Carington; he owed me about three hundred pounds, which I suppose I may write off as a bad debt."

"Not at all; will you take ten shillings in the pound?"

"I should be only too glad."

"Yes," said Mr. Carington, with a laugh, "and make a very good profit after all. Well, give me a receipt in full, and you shall have my cheque for a hundred and fifty."

This was done, and the obsequious tailor pressed for an order, knowing well the value of Mr. Carington's custom.

"Not to-day, Leroy, thanks. I shall want something in velvet for riding in the country by-and-by: but I am too busy to think of it now."

Such were Mr. Carington's tactics, and they were as successful as he could wish. When, a week after their last interview, Pinniger called at his rooms by appointment, he had arranged on his table in parallel columns the cheques and the receipts, and asked the lawyer to add them up.

"Why, Mr. Carington," said Pinniger, in amazement, "this is like witchcraft. Poor Mrs. Noel will actually have a balance of five thousand pounds!"

"Yes, and I will go down to Salisbury with you and hand it over. I want to see how she bears her misfortune."

"Good fortune, I should call it, to be rid of that rascal."

Mr. Carington's proceedings were, of course, the talk of the Town . . . the Town, that mysterious entity which forms opinion, decides what is fashionable, confers fame, destroys reputation. The duel had not caused much comment; gamblers are just the men to do desperate deeds; and nobody cared much about Captain Lovelace Noel, who was not in society. No legal proceedings had been taken; duels were not quite out of fashion; Grantley Berkeley met Maginn only a year or two later. The Honourable Charles Delamere had disappeared, no one asked whither.

When, however, Mr. Carington was so active on the widow's behalf, the Town marvelled. He had never been known to take trouble before. He had declined to go ten miles out of town when a cantankerous old uncle sent for him on his death-bed, and so lost a large legacy. Never had the most momentous business been known to move him, if he were disinclined to move. The Town was puzzled.

An intimate friend, Charles Trevor, asked him one day the cause of his activity.

"You can't be in love with the little widow," he said.

"Faith, no; I've a previous tenderness."

"You! For whom?"

"For myself, Charlie. No, I'll have neither widow nor maid; but

I pitied the poor little soul in the hands of that villain Noel. She is as pure and simple as a baby; he used to make her associate with vile women like Lady Draggie and hideous *roués* like that leering old Triscott, who is always running after little girls in their teens. Worse, he allowed these people to believe that she was as bad as they. She was just like an angel among a pack of howling fiends. I think I should have picked a quarrel with the fellow and shot him myself, only I saw clearly that he and Delamere must break out at last. They have hated each other horribly for a long time."

"Well," quoth Trevor, "I should have thought you the last man to take so much trouble out of pity."

"So should I," said Mr. Carington.

He and Pinniger travelled to Salisbury together, and went straight to the little house occupied by Mrs. Noel in St. Anne's Street. It was plainly but comfortably furnished, for some of Matthew Noel's friends had come forward to help his daughter-in-law when left to live on her little annuity of two hundred pounds. She was so glad to have her daughter back again, that she quite rejoiced at Noel's untimely end; while Charlotte's imaginative temper had already transformed the deceased scamp into a hero-martyr, and she absolutely worshipped his memory, to her mother's intense disgust.

When Mr. Carington and the lawyer entered the room where the two ladies were sitting, the baby in quiet meditation on his mother's lap, Charlotte sprang up and said,—

"O, Mr. Carington, how kind of you to come! How glad I am! You were so kind to me on that dreadful night when my poor dear Harry was murdered. Mamma, this is Mr. Carington."

There was a general conversation. Mr. Carington noticed the portrait of Matthew Noel, inquired who it was, and was greatly interested in the history. Both the portrait and the old oak cabinet had, when Eastham was sold, been claimed by Pinniger as family heirlooms; and Captain Noel's polite reply was that anybody might have the old rubbish. This turned out a rather fortunate circumstance.

"Mrs. Noel," presently says Mr. Carington to Charlotte, "I have been fortunate enough to rescue some of your husband's property, and you will be glad to know that all his debts are paid."

"Indeed, indeed I am," she answered.

"There is, indeed, a balance in your favour—more than I expected—five thousand pounds, which I have no doubt Mr. Pinniger can so invest as to bring in a comfortable little income."

Both ladies were speechless with amazement. At last Charlotte cried:

"Ah, I was sure my poor dear Harry did not mean to ruin me."

"But for Mr. Carington," said Pinniger, "I fear you would not have recovered a farthing."

Charlotte was profuse in thanks, but still clung to the idea of her

dead darling's virtue. No one was cruel enough to try and shake her belief: indeed it would have been vain. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Dear Mr. Carington, do me one more favour. Be my baby's godfather. I want to call him Frank, after you. I know your name is Frank."

Mr. Carington consented; and, as he had accepted Pinniger's invitation to stay a few days in Salisbury, it was arranged that the youngster should be christened at once. Pinniger, a rich legal personage, lived in a large square brick house, surrounded by an old-fashioned garden with yew hedges and famous espaliers and the finest asparagus beds in Salisbury. The lawyer had rather a fancy for horticulture, and grew on his south wall peaches and nectarines more toothsome far than those which are found in the new-fangled orchard houses.

Mr. Carington had never before been in Salisbury, nor indeed in any country town except Brighton and Bath. Pressed by the lawyer to stay awhile, and receiving eloquent accounts of Old Sarum and Stonehenge and Avebury, and other Wiltshire wonders, he sent to London for his horses and groom, and determined to explore the vicinity. The season was just over; there was nothing in town worth staying for; and he was amused at thinking that all the world would be puzzled to know what had become of Carington.

Mr. Carington had two favourite occupations in life . . . one bodily, the other of the mind. He liked riding. He liked to study character. Carington on a thorough-bred was like Cheiron the centaur . . . man and horse seemed one creature. Yet he never rode to hounds: his delight was a solitary stroll on horseback, with a merry canter when he reached open ground. As a student of character he had attained the subtlest skill, and might have written the most brilliant of social novels had he chosen to write: but Carington was never known to write at all . . . scarcely even a letter. He looked at the world as one looks at a play, amused, but quite undesirous to join in it. He might have done almost anything. Heiresses plenty would have jumped at Mr. Carington. Several boroughs, and at least one county, would have been glad to send him to the House of Commons. He was untempted. When an eminent political agent urged him to enter Parliament, he simply said:

"In the House, my good friend, I should be nobody: outside the House I have more power in my own way than the First Minister. If I put on a coat of a new form, to-morrow every one will be wearing one as like it as he can manage. I defy any individual M.P. to say the same thing."

In Salisbury city Mr. Carington's brief residence was quite an event, for his renown had spread to the old ecclesiastic town, and Bishop and Dean were not unwilling to greet the recognised Arch-

bishop of the Church of Fashion. So Lawyer Pinniger's guest got many invitations to dinner, and it is hardly necessary to add the dinners were good: the cooks of the Cathedral Close did their supremest when they heard the great Mr. Carington was to be at table. Judicious criticism is a power: Mr. Carington criticised wisely, and so his opinions were final. The dinners of Salisbury greatly improved from the date of his visit: so did the manners and dress of the young ladies.

His manner of passing the day was simple enough. After a quiet breakfast with his host, who thereafter went off to his law business, Mr. Carington would mount his horse, and ride off exploring. He in this way made acquaintance with Old Sarum, Stonehenge, Wilton, Longford—that strange architectural freak—and many other curious places around Salisbury. Seldom did he return till afternoon: and then there was almost always an invitation to dinner somewhere or other, for himself and the lawyer; but if not, Pinniger had the knack of making a guest comfortable, and was full of old country mysteries and romances, gathered by his firm in the course of a successful practice which had now reached the fourth generation.

Canon Lovelace was most anxious to show courtesy to Mr. Carington. The Canon was quite opposite in character to the Captain. He was almost too scrupulous. All his life long a student of casuistic theology, he perplexed himself at every step with unnecessary questions. Nothing could have been a heavier blow to him than his brother's conduct: he felt himself in some degree answerable for having introduced into Salisbury that dashing soldier. He resolved to show all the kindness possible to his nephew; to send him to the famous grammar school, and take good care that he learnt something there. Meanwhile his gratitude to Mr. Carington was almost painful. The latter, who had only befriended Mrs. Noel under an impulse of pity, which surprised himself as much as it surprised his friends, did not care at all to be regarded as a hero. However, he endured it as well as he could, finding in Canon Lovelace a refined and scholarly companion, and a curious study of character. For the Canon, beneath his shell of theology and casuistry, had a strong fire burning. He ought to have been a soldier. In earlier days he would have been a crusader—a Knight Templar. The sword and the crosier are old allies: there is, indeed, a strong connection between theology and war under certain aspects. The church militant has for its supreme captain the Lord of Hosts. Canon Lovelace ought to have lived ages before, in times when the Church was an army, and when the sword of S. Peter was deemed as important as his keys. Mr. Carington soon discovered what manner of man he was. You had only to hear him preach. His feeble frame dilated, his bright eye grew fuller of fire, his right hand clenched upon an invisible sword, as he denounced the

powers of Evil and proclaimed the ultimate victory of Christ. There was no member of the Chapter so popular as a preacher. Usually cool and calm, a great theme filled him with an intensely passionate earnestness. If you can imagine Nelson turned clergyman, you may form some notion of Canon Lovelace. He always seemed to have a strong personal hatred for the devil.

Although London was not greatly affected by the vanishing of the Honourable Charles Delamere, it behoves us to follow him in his flight. He did not fly from fear: he was driven by remorse. When his old comrade was dead by his hand, he sadly reflected that they were both knaves—conspirators and accomplices in villany. Lovelace Noel's admirable sleight-of-hand had been of use to him many a time and brought him many a guinea; and now he had shot his friend because this accomplishment was turned against himself.

"What shall I do?" he thought. "I'll never touch card or dice again. I wonder whether Edward is in England."

Edward, Earl Delamere, his eldest and only brother, was a thorough gentleman. Suffering from a consumptive tendency, he lived much abroad, and his chief amusement was collecting choice books and rare pictures. He was always kind and liberal to his brother, but knew nothing of his favourite pursuits: for he never went to town or received any society, but passed his time between his family home in Lakeland and the coolest parts of Italy.

The impulse of the moment drove Charles Delamere straight northward to Langton Delamere. He was driven through that long straggling village at an early hour in the morning. The great roadside elms threw giant shadows across the roadway into the meadows beyond. The fly was driven up to the great hall, and several startling peals rang through the house before a drowsy servant came to open the door. Herefrom he knew at once that the Earl was away; for he was wont to rise at five in summer and at six in winter, and his movements kept the household wide awake. Sleepless himself, Lord Delamere was intolerant of sleepiness in others.

Charles Delamere, as he foresaw, found himself alone at the Great Hall. He was not wholly sorry. He wanted solitude, to think over what he had done and what he should do. Alone in a room on the first floor of the hall, overlooking heathery fells and the rushing Eden, he meditated profoundly—eating little, and drinking only water. When he had immured himself a few days, a sudden idea occurred to him, and he thoroughly enjoyed its daring novelty.

"Yes, I will do it," he said to himself; and he carried out his resolve, as we shall hear by-and-by.

CHAPTER III.

FRANK NOEL.

"Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem :
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sinete."

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."

FRANK NOEL grew up into boyhood at Salisbury with healthy surroundings. Perhaps he was a little spoilt : his grandmother and his mother seemed to quarrel which should spoil him most—though in different ways. Master Frank was a curiously observant youngster, and noted what occurred in the household at an age unusually early ; and when, in after-years, he came to reflect on his reminiscences, he was amused to remember that Mrs. Noel senior insisted on treating Mrs. Noel junior as if she were still a child. Charlotte had not strength of will enough to resist, so she gave way at once ; and Frank in his younger years looked on his mother and himself as a couple of children, kept in order by the stern grandmother.

Frank was not a precocious boy ; he was, indeed, rather slow. In his very babyhood he would lie on the floor with eyes and ears wide open, receiving some incomplete knowledge of all things that occurred. He talked little. He never cried. If smacked for some piece of mischief, he took it philosophically, not even wincing. His was that slow strong intellect which flippant folk frequently confound with stupidity. When he grew older, and was taken by his uncle the Canon out of feminine hands, and sent to the grammar school, it was just the same. The boys were fond of fighting ; Frank had no wish to fight ; so they called him a coward. He took the epithet meekly, plodding on quietly with his lessons, which he did very badly with all his pains, and going home punctually after school to tea with his mother and grandmother. But one day he saw, as he passed under the ancient archway homeward, a boy, three or four years older than himself, impudently teasing a little girl . . . the porter's daughter. He caught Stennet major by the collar, and upset him into the road. Next day there was a fight, under the rules of the school. Stennet major, who knew how to box, gave Master Frank terrible punishment, hitting him just where he liked. Frank Noel, though only twelve years old, took it with remarkable endurance. Stennet major grew tired of thrashing an unthrashable opponent. Suddenly, Frank made a tremendous unscientific onslaught upon him, and drove him to the ground with fury of blows. After that event, he was not usually called a coward. The dismay of his mother and grandmother, when he came home with a rainbow-coloured face, is scarcely imaginable.

Laziness is a necessary ingredient of genius, and I suspect Frank Noel had that ingredient pretty strongly. He hated arithmetic and algebra. But at a half-yearly examination the arithmetic paper contained something of this sort—

Find $\frac{\sqrt[3]{2} \times \sqrt[3]{8} \times \sqrt[12]{4}}{16/16}$ to 5 places of decimals.

Of course, the young gentlemen of the sixth form, laughing lazily at their examiner, replied with—

$$2\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{8} - \frac{1}{4} = 2$$

but everybody was astonished when Master Frank Noel sent up the result logarithmically, thus :—

3)3010300	4)9030899	12)6020599
1003433	2257724	0501716
2257724		
0501716		
9247426 - 1	16)1'2041199	
3010299 = log 2	0752574	

Logarithms are an unknown subject to most schoolboys, even in these days. Where had Master Frank picked up his scrap of knowledge? Truth to say, he liked any kind of knowledge which he was not compelled to acquire. When he came to read Horace, he stealthily ran off to Catullus. When it was his duty to study Sophocles, he was trying to enjoy the consummate careless easy grace of Aristophanes. When he ought to have been hard at work on that impracticable fifth book of Euclid, he would amuse himself by trying to trisect a straight line, or even an angle. He brought objections against Euclid's twelfth axiom which made the reverend fellow of John's who taught him angrier than if he had objected to the binomial theorem. There was a dogged determination about Frank Noel to accept nothing which he could not understand. It cost him many floggings; but he took a flogging as he took a rainy half-holiday—as an unpleasant but inevitable dispensation. The masters of the grammar school found that they could not alter his inflexible nature. With the most perfect apparent willingness to do what he was told, Frank Noel could never do anything that did not satisfy his spirit.

He was a puzzle to his mother and his grandmother. The latter lady treated him very rigorously: she had assumed the rule in the house and kept it; indeed, she treated Charlotte as if she were a baby. Charlotte submitted: Charlotte, imaginative child, glorified the deceased scamp more and more every year, and saw in her son a

youth of wondrous promise. Frank took both his grandmother's scoldings and his mother's pettings very quietly. All the while, however, he was trying, in his boyish way, to understand the situation; and in course of time he became master thereof. He was about fourteen when, coming home from the grammar school rather late for tea . . . there had been a glorious football match, and he had kicked the ball into goal . . . his grandmother declared he should have nothing but bread and water, and his mother remonstrated, and there was scolding on one side and plaintiveness on the other. Frank listened for some time. Suddenly he said—

"Women are an awful nuisance."

Both ladies looked at him with horror and amazement.

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. George Noel, rising so rapidly, with intent to box his ears, that she upset the tea-table, and smashed some of her favourite china.

"O Frank!" exclaimed his meek mamma.

Frank sat still, while his irate grandmother picked up the pieces . . . which done, she sat down in her old-fashioned high-backed chair, looking amazingly dignified. Nobody spoke for some time. Suddenly, Frank said,

"I should like that bread and water, Granny. I'm awfully hungry. I've had nothing since dinner except a black pudding and a couple of raspberry tarts."

Mrs. George Noel's indignation kept her silent. Mrs. Lovelace Noel said,—

"O Frank dear! don't be so naughty. Why don't you come home in time? Why do you give us so much trouble?"

"I was playing foot-ball," he said. "I kicked the ball in. The Doctor was looking on, and cheered me when I did it. Tom Radford rushed at me and upset me just a second too late. Who cares? I don't want your bread and water. Women are a nuisance . . . I say it again . . . they can't understand boys."

Wherewith he coolly walked up-stairs and went to bed. I think his mother went up at a later hour and tearfully lectured the young rebel; but a rebel he was from that day, and would by no means submit to petticoat government.

Frank's greatest friend was his uncle the Canon, to whose library he had constant access, and who delighted in showing him the way to regions of knowledge unknown to the ordinary schoolboys. Canon Lovelace's library windows opened on a sleepy grass plot, always green, with a fountain splashing lazily in the middle: the boy would sit at the open window, with a book upon his knees, and read and dream alternately, while his uncle's untireable pen filled foolscap folios of his great work (yet unpublished) on the Latin subjunctive mood. It was pleasant to the Canon to have this boy about him . . . a boy all extremes, full of spirit yet obedient, a cricketer,

and a dreamer, a lover of learning, yet a dunce in school. The Canon, ~~an~~ habitual speculator as to human character, was puzzled by his nephew. There was something impenetrable about the youngster.

It was very pleasant for Frank when his uncle the Canon broke into one of his eloquent fits. There were times when some question of the day, some hideous wickedness, some imperial or republican rascality, kindled the phosphoric fire in Canon Lovelace's breast. Then the orator arose in his might, though his nephew was sole audience. Then the astonished but appreciating boy knew what fire and force an intense intellect can weld into words that look so pale upon the page. It was a grand part of Frank's education. Even though he could not understand half his uncle's allusions, he was carried on by the rapid flow of his eloquence. When your boat descends a swift-flowing torrent, you get only an imperfect idea of the beauty of the region through which it races; still, a reflex of it remains on the retina, and comes back to you again with the hoarse music of the rapids. So it was with Frank. Long years after, fragments of the Canon's inspired speech came back to him, and he understood them by the light of a matured brain, and he remembered the musical pulse of the unflagging sentences, to which the silvery fountain came as chorus.

Canon Lovelace, a man analytical and introspective, felt it his absolute duty to make a career for his brother's son. He had never thought of marrying; he looked on this boy with fatherly interest; he wanted to make a parson of him . . . perhaps, by-and-by, a bishop. Frank was not malleable. Very much he loved his uncle, very heartily he believed the great doctrines which run through Christianity; but he did not want to preach. The Canon judged character accurately enough to see that his nephew was out of the common; but the boy fairly puzzled him by declaring that he really could not become a minister of the Church of England.

"What is your objection?" asks the uncle.

"The Church is cowardly, uncle," said the boy. "Stephen Langton is my idea of an archbishop of Canterbury. He led the barons, and gave freedom to the people. I will have nothing to do with a church of cowards."

Canon Lovelace, at a later date, returned to the charge, and used his most suasive eloquence to induce the boy to join the clergy.

"If I became a priest, uncle," says the young rebel, "it should be in the Church of Rome, which is the only logical church. Your Protestant is apologetic about miracles, and is not quite certain that Christ himself was justified in doing such things. Your Catholic works miracles . . . or says he does . . . to the present day. But I am not going to be a priest of any church. I mean to be a poet and a prophet."

"I shall ask the Doctor to give you a good flogging," says the

Canon, amiably enough. "You are a troublesome boy, and must be kept in order."

"The Doctor's a dear old fellow," says Master Frank, "and I should think he must have been awfully jolly when he was a boy. I quite approve of the way in which he manages the school."

"Well!" exclaimed the Canon, regarding this nepotic youngster with amazement, "it is rather new that boys should approve or disapprove the doings of their schoolmasters."

"They are a good deal interested in them, uncle," says Frank. "People who try to teach one something or other are often such awful fools. They get their knowledge out of books, and break down if there is anything beyond the limits of their books. I know all about it, because I never do what I am told, but try to find out some other way of doing it. That puzzles them. I am quite delighted when I catch them tripping, somehow or other."

"That is not the temper of a true Christian," says the Canon, wondering at this brilliant yet dull boy's theories.

"I don't pretend to be a true Christian at so early an age, uncle," says the young rascal. "But Christ exposed humbugs, and that's my Christianity at present. You will bear with me, I am sure; I know I am dreadfully slow; lots of fellows run up into the sixth, when I can't get out of the fifth. Still I don't think I am altogether a fool."

"You would be very foolish, indeed, if you thought so, Frank," said the Canon. "Your intellect moves slowly, which is a good sign. Plod away at your classics, my boy; work hard; read anything you fancy. Don't trouble yourself about trifles. Leave your grandmother and your mother to amuse themselves with petty squabbles; ladies can't do without that kind of amusement."

"I suppose that's why you don't marry, uncle," said the audacious boy.

The Canon tolerated his nephew's impertinences, and was, indeed, a good deal amused by them. It may be questioned whether uncle or nephew did most good to the other. Frank received useful instruction from his uncle, but he gave in return a cheerful boyish pleasantry which quite renewed the youth of his old bachelor kinsman. They became fast friends.

By-and-by, by sheer weight, so to speak, Frank forced his way into the sixth form. Ay, and in due time he became captain of the school. All the while it was quite understood that he was a dreadful dunce, which verily he was, so far as the ordinary scholastic course was considered. But he kept order; he played cricket and football; he boated on Avon; he was a thorough schoolboy of the best type. His masters and his comrades all liked him. He got the nickname of Big Dog. There was a shaggy lazy humour about him which reminded one of the mastiff. He would stand any amount of chaff

and teasing from the youngsters ; but if he caught a big boy bullying a little one, he would give him a condign thrashing. There were two or three fellows older than Frank, but there was nobody who could withstand his easy elephantine power. The Doctor was wont to say to the Canon,

"When your boy is about I am not afraid of any harm."

In fact, Master Frank, without a particle of cant in his composition, had a high idea of honour ; and if he saw a youngster doing anything forbidden, he would punish him at once. The natural result was that these irregular juniors were afraid of him ; indeed, when there was a proposal of surreptitious beer and pickwicks, the question was whispered anxiously :—

"Where's old Frank !"

And if "old Frank" were seen lazily lounging across the playing field, looking for a comrade in a pair-oar, or somebody to bowl for cricket-practice, the young rascals gave up their notions of dissipation for a time at least. They knew old Frank's opinion in reference to beer for small boys. They were well aware that his stalwart right arm could wield a cricket-stump effectually. They deferred their puerile orgies.

The only trouble that befell Frank Noel was that the pretty girls of Salisbury would look delectably at him. Frank hadn't the least idea of the great question of sex. Slow of growth, he was a boy at eighteen ; an unspoilt boy, pure and strong, with no notion of womankind save what Horace and Shakespeare had taught him. When Jane Cartwright made eyes at him he couldn't in the least understand it. That young lady had experienced experiences ; she was a wretched little slut, unwashed, and a fascinating young person after a painful toilet. She positively pursued the big boys of the Grammar School, turning up always just when they came out for an hour. She particularly set upon Big Dog, a noble broad-shouldered young fellow, six feet high already, and with a grand carelessness about him. It was vain. Master Frank looked at her with contemptuous indifference. He had not yet learned the elements of love-making ; certes, that wretched little animal was not selected to teach him. He went quietly on ; rowed, cricketed, blundered : was popular with everybody ; enjoyed his school-life as no other life can be enjoyed. Gladly would he have had that school-time at Salisbury last for ever. Ah, how careless we all are about those happy days of youth. What a pleasure it is to be a fool—to rob orchards—to make false quantities—to hate Horace and Euclid—to be flogged—to enjoy half-holidays—to get up stealthily at midnight in search of mushrooms—to keep forbidden ferrets in a box under your bed—to smoke bad cigars and be horribly sick—to learn a few things consciously and many things unconsciously ! I should like to be a schoolboy once again.

CHAPTER IV.

ISIS AND EDEN.

"Changing thy name by some green promontory,
Thou lavest London with an ampler tide."

MAUDLIN COLLEGE had been the *alma mater* of Canon Lovelace, and he was anxious that his nephew should also go thither. Frank fought against it. He honoured the great University, but he felt no inclination to take a degree. Between him and his uncle there was much colloquy on the matter: at last it ended in a compromise. Frank was to go to Maudlin, but he need not go in for a degree unless he liked.

Frank went up, and enjoyed himself. He indulged in desultory reading. He interpolated between his studies much cricket and boating. He was acknowledged as the best slow bowler in the University, and he often made three figures off his bat: yet he declined to play in any public match. So as to boating. The captain of the University Club got him to a "wine," and tried hard to enlist him: but it was not to be done.

"You're very kind," says Frank, "but I'm horribly lazy, and it is such a bore to be obliged to do anything."

"Labor ipsa voluptas," says Stroke.

"Dulce est desipere in loco," replied Frank Noel.

"You be hanged!" says Coxswain (seven stone . . . one muscle and the other six impudence); don't plague me with your Latin grammar. As in praesenti perfectum format in avi: ut no nas navi, vocito vocitas vocitavi. . . ."

At this point Stroke threw one of his boots at him.

On the whole, Frank enjoyed his stay at Oxford measurelessly. He made no attempt to take a degree. He read in desultory fashion. He came across many pleasant friends . . . two specially, whose friendship lasted. Cranstoun of Lincoln and Branscombe of Exeter were two very different men, and scarcely understood each other—yet both of them became intimate with Frank Noel. Cranstoun was a politician born; a high Tory; a hater of democracies. The time came when his sharp satire drove radical idiots wild. Branscombe was a dreamer; a lover of antique poesy; a man athirst for all the delicate beauties of nature; an inquisitive student of humanity. The time came when his romances, imaginative yet true, were the delight of all readers. But Frank Noel had no clue to the future greatness of his cronies: he only knew that he loved them.

Cranstoun took a double first, and went to the bar. Branscombe would have taken a double first even more easily, but illness intervened. Frank did not go up at all, but returned quietly to Salisbury,

and reported himself to his uncle, the Canon. His opinion about Oxford was summed up in very few words.

"I wish they'd make me a fellow of Maudlin, uncle. That sleepy life would just suit me. I should like to be well paid for doing nothing."

Just at the commencement of the succeeding term Macpherson published a classic *jeu d'esprit* called *Attis*, and written in galliambics. I quote a line or two.

"Have you seen the modern Attis, he who fritters himself away,
Pious prig and prudish idiot, by his own hand emasculate?
He is heir to all the ages; he his heritage squandereth.
He divests himself of manhood as if strength were a shame to him.
He is English. He is England, self-deprived of its majesty . . .
Now a tolerated nation, now a people that pines for peace . . .
Once a folk that feared no foemen, ready to meet the world in arms,
Now, a tremulous timorous sexless mob, too glad to capitulate,
Lovers of gluttony, lust, and cheating, cowards when the sword is
drawn."

This trifle had a wonderful run in the University, and was not unheard of in London. Two or three journals of the metropolis deigned to criticise it. It told in rough galliambics the story of a man who for the sake of a great position in the world sacrificed his belief, emasculating his mind . . . losing at the same time the woman whom he loved and who loved him, a creature too pure to wed with one who could thus dishonour himself. The *Investigator* dwelt with great delight on the picture of this beautiful woman—beautiful both in mind and form—passing the remainder of her life in solitude, and hearing with sorrow of the long sequence of triumphs which raise Attis, M.P., to the eventual climax of the Right Honourable Attis, First Lord of the Treasury. Of course he becomes my Lord Attis at last, and rejoices in his self-negation. As to the lady, I forget how the story ends. Perhaps, when this miserable meteor vanished from the sky, she turned her bright eyes to a truer star.

Anyhow, *Attis* was a success in Oxford, and was ascribed to several dons, from the Dean of Christchurch downwards, and that dull fellow Frank Noel was never suspected of it. Yet was it his work. Frank, slowly working away at the problem of the world, had begun to perceive that the majority of men are like Attis . . . that they throw away that which they have for the sake of something not worth having. So he worked the notion into the old Catullian metre, as nearly as he could mimic it . . . and got it published with precautions for strict secrecy. It amused him to receive letters from all his Oxford friends, recommending him to read the said *Attis*.

Soon after Frank's return to Salisbury his grandmother died. The event was not entirely without its compensations. Her life had been a disappointment, and she was consistently sour to the last. Char-

lotte Noel brightened after her mother's decease. In her wifehood and widowhood she had paid very dearly for the self-willed naughtiness of her maidenhood: but now she hoped for a pleasant time with her dear boy, who was only too glad to make his mother happy. And the two or three years after Frank left college—while he was quietly lazing at Salisbury, with no particular notion of the future—were the happiest years of his mother's life. That life was not destined to endure. She died when Frank was five or six and twenty—quite suddenly, of heart disease—and he was left alone in the world, with no adviser save Canon Lovelace.

When he looked into his affairs, Frank found that he had between four and five hundred a year . . . a fortune for a young fellow who preferred ale to wine, and water to ale. But it occurred to him that he ought to do something in the world. He was conscious of power undeveloped and unguided. What should he do? His uncle could give him no tangible advice; the worthy Canon had no idea of anything outside the ecclesiastical pale. He was capable of seeing that Frank Noel was not meant for a parson; he was not capable of seeing what Frank Noel was meant for.

Just at the moment when Master Frank was in perplexity, wondering what in the world to do with himself, he received a letter sealed with a famous crest . . . a crowned warrior on horseback rising from a lake, and the motto *E Lacu Rex*.

"Who the deuce is this?" thought Frank, looking at the very shaky handwriting.

He opened the letter, which ran thus:—

"The Great Hall, Langton Delamere,
Cumberland.

"DEAR MR. NOEL,—

"Will you come and spend a few weeks with me? Your father and I were friends; we quarrelled; I killed him the very day you were born. I have never since known a moment's peace. I am old now . . . very, very old, and I think I could die quietly if you would come and try to forgive me. I often wonder are you like your father.

"DELAMERE."

Frank took this letter to his uncle, the Canon, who read it through, and said,—

"By all means go, Frank. Lord Delamere was the Honourable Charles Delamere when he fought that unhappy duel with my poor brother. Within a year he took holy orders, and devoted himself to the service of the Church in the most crowded part of East London. He worked hard in this way for a year or two, expending his property on the people; but he grew tired in that time, and sought for easier occupation. Twelve years later his elder brother died, and he came into the earldom; and I hear that he has done an immense

amount of good on the estates, which are very large. I suppose you can forgive him for your father's death?"

"I have not the slightest animosity against him," said Frank. "A duel is quite fair; no man has a right to quarrel with the survivor. I am sorry for the Earl: but my father staked his life, and lost it; and I cannot blame the winner. I will write to him to-day, and say that I will come."

"You are right," said the Canon. "It will be a pleasant change for you. You must be getting tired of the monotony of this sleepy city."

The Canon's account of Earl Delamere was quite accurate; and for nine days or so his transition from the board of green cloth to the purple-cushioned pulpit had caused some talk. Luttrell wrote an epigram about it. Other events succeeded; ladies of proven virtue deserted their husbands; fortunes were lost at chicken-hazard, or won at unlimited loo. The Honourable Charles was forgotten. When he became Lord Delamere, there was just a slight excitement among the few men who remembered him in his hot youth; but in the interval so many men had been ruined or reformed, or both, that he seemed only a pale phantom of the past. He made no attempt to recall himself to such of his old cronies as survived, but quietly shut himself up at Delamere, living in complete seclusion. But remorse for his old friend's death tortured and corroded him; and at last he resolved to find out his old friend's son, and see if a meeting with him would wash away the stain of blood that seemed indelible on his mental retina.

It was winter. From Salisbury to Carlisle is always a long journey; it was longer than usual for Frank Noel, since the snow lay thick upon the rails, retarding the trains. The farther north he went, the deeper were the drifts. All the hills of Westmorland and Cumberland were shrouded in snow. Glad enough was he to reach Carlisle, two hours late, and to get a basin of soup at the County Hotel, where Lord Delamere had told him his servants should await him. There they were; there was a snug omnibus, with four horses, ready to turn out at a moment's notice. Twelve miles to travel, the footman told him, and all up hill, and the snowdrifts very deep; so he got through his soup and Madeira as fast as he could, and started on the adventure. The interior of the vehicle had a bright light burning, and pamphlets and magazines lay upon the seat, and the attentive footman showed Frank where to find a box of cigars and a stand of liqueurs. Thus provided, he took matters easily.

It was a long pull through the snow. Midnight had passed, when there came a pause, and a horn was blown, and a drawbridge let down, and the carriage drove into a court-yard. Between snow and light literature, both drowsy influences, Frank was half asleep; the cessation of movement awoke him, and he descended from the

omnibus, and found that he had to ascend a high flight of steps to a stately portico, where several servants with lights were standing. He was ushered through a short passage into the Great Hall, which gives the house its customary name. The sight surprised him. He entered a hexagonal room, sixty feet high to the point whence the rafters sprung from wall to roof, and sixty feet from angle to angle. Three galleries ran around it. Right opposite the door a great wood fire was burning, fed from a stack of logs close by, which, though ten feet high, looked small. Near this fire a table was spread, awaiting his arrival. The fair white linen and glass and silver suggested a cosy supper. Frank did not take in at first glance all the peculiarities of the Great Hall; but he noted noble pictures, a great organ, a billiard table in one angle, bookcases let into the walls. A groom of the chambers received him respectfully, and told him the Earl was not well enough to stay till his arrival, and asked him if he would take supper. Frank was nothing loth. The comfortable aspect of the place cheered him after his long chill lonely journey. He sank into the cosiest of chairs, and took with great satisfaction some well-cooked game and dry sillery.

As he thus recruited himself, there came rather timidly toward the table a very pretty girl of about eighteen or nineteen, dressed in a close-fitting blue gown, and looking something between a lady and a serving maiden. She made a shy curtsey as she caught his eye, and asked him if he had what he liked. Frank, slightly puzzled, took the ladylike view of her, and courteously rose from his chair, and expressed his satisfaction and gratitude.

"Lord Delamere was so sorry he could not stay to see you," she said. "He asked me to take care you were properly attended to. This is such dreadful weather for travelling."

"It is cold," said Frank, "and I have not had a creature to talk to all day. Won't you sit down and cheer me with a little chat? If one gets something pleasant just before going to bed, one wakes with pleasant thoughts in the morning."

Certes, this little girl was pleasant; of middle height, with hair light-brown, grey-blue eyes, a short straight nose, a small, sweet mouth, an easy graceful form; she was quite a pretty picture. There was a latent laugh in both eyes and lips. She was full of suppressed fun, evidently.

"If I am to sit and chat," she said, putting her hand on a chair, "I must tell you who I am. I am Lucy Walter, Lord Delamere's secretary. I read to him, and write his letters, and run his errands. I am only a kind of servant, you see, Mr. Noel; but if you tell me to sit down, I will obey you."

"I beg you will sit," he said, "and tell me all about Delamere. I have never been in this part of the country before."

"It is very beautiful in fine weather . . . but, O, so cold

when these dreadful snows come on. Lord Delamere hoped you would get some shooting; the moors are covered with grouse, and there's nobody to shoot but the keepers. But the snows often go off as suddenly as they come . . . and you are going to stay a long time, are you not? Lord Delamere said so."

"Ah! but he may get tired of me."

"Or you of him, perhaps," says Miss Lucy. "But I don't think you will. He is so kind and so clever. I worship him, Mr. Noel . . . I do, indeed."

"I was already prepared to like him very much, but what you say, Miss Walter, makes me still more delighted to be his guest."

"Don't call me Miss Walter, please," she said. "Everybody calls me Lucy. I tell you I am nothing but a servant. Won't you smoke a cigar before you go to your room?"

Frank assented. Lucy brought him a cigar, lighted it for him, handed it to him with a deferential curtsy. He could not make her out. Was she playing a little comedy, like the heroine of *She stoops to Conquer*? She could see by his look his perplexity; he also could see that a half-smile rippled her pretty face. He accepted the situation, lighted his cigar, and said,—

"Now, Lucy, sit down, and tell me all about Delamere. What time do we breakfast?"

"Lord Delamere always breakfasts in his own room. I go in, and read his letters to him, and write replies. He generally comes into the Hall about twelve. But breakfast shall be laid for you at any hour you like to order it."

"I shall be lazy to-morrow," quoth Frank. "I know nothing more tiring than a long railway journey in snowy weather. Indeed, I have been half asleep all day."

"You seem pretty well awake now," she said.

"Enough to awake one. This noble old Hall is like a vision of mediæval romance. I can fancy crusaders feasting here, with lovely ladies and gay troubadours. And then I have the joyous company of a charming nymph, looking like a lady and calling herself a waiting maid . . . a thorough enigma in petticoats. Faith, I am disposed to think it is, after all, a dream . . . that instead of being wide awake I am sound asleep. You are a phantom, Lucy. I shall wake to-morrow at Salisbury, and wonder how my imagination in sleep could have created this old Hall and its young inhabitant. I think I shall go to bed, in order to shake off these dreams."

"I will show the way," she said.

Taking a candle, she led the way across the Hall to a door which opened on a lighted corridor. On the opposite side of this passage was another door, which a footman in waiting threw open: and Frank Noel found himself in a comfortable sitting-room, where a good fire was burning.

"The bedroom is beyond, Mr. Noel," said Lucy Walter. "I think you will find everything you want in the apartment; if not, please ring."

She made another half-comic curtsey, and was gone.

"Odd little girl that," said Frank, to himself, as he passed on to his bedroom, where, also, a noble fire defied the fierce frost. "Can't quite make her out: too sleepy to speculate."

He was asleep in five minutes. When he awoke next morning it was ten o'clock. The fire still burnt; a servant had come in and replenished it at intervals. There was a strange sound in Frank's ears . . . a curious continuous roar. He went to a window: below him, fifty feet, he saw a mountain river tumbling wildly over great boulders of granite. Beyond, the fells rose high, covered with virgin snow, and the snow was still falling in vast flakes, so thick as to obstruct the view.

"This is the sort of morning for a warm bath," thought Frank, and he rang and ordered it. At eleven he entered the Hall, and found an appetizing breakfast ready by the fire. While he was enjoying his devilled game and mocha, enters Lucy.

(To be continued.)

THE GENEROUS MONEY-LENDER!

THE unfortunate individual in humble circumstances who has no relative or private friend wealthy and willing enough to advance him the wherewithal to overcome his temporary pecuniary embarrassments, need not look far afield before he may discover signal lights of succour. It would really seem like an encouragement to thriftlessness, the abundance of cheerful beckonings from persons of means, who are above all such paltry considerations as interest for their vested capital, and who are at the expense of keeping offices and clerks, and advertising in the most expensive of newspapers with the sole and single aim of assisting their downcast fellow-creatures. It is a satisfactory sign of the advancing philanthropy of the age that these benevolent lenders are increasing rather than diminishing in number—satisfactory both as bespeaking that the spirit of simple confidence of man in the integrity of his fellow keeps pace with the progress of civilisation, and that instances of abuse of the said confidence are rare. Of course it is not to be expected that all who are blessed with wealth can afford to give it away. It may be all very well for such splendid fellows as "A. Z." and "R. B. D.," and one or two others who take a delight in occasionally astounding needy asylums of charity whose directors are at their wits' ends how to meet the current expenses of their establishment, with an anonymous gift of a thousand pounds, included in a brief note to the effect that the donation may be acknowledged in the second column of the *Times*. One may picture the awful amazement of the corresponding secretary of some struggling home for cripples or asylum for sick children, almost on its last legs for want of funds, on receipt of such a startling enclosure. There are letters enough every day to open: business letters, letters from candidates for admission, letters in polite intimation of big accounts overdue, and letters with small post-office orders and with postage stamps sent in answer to the last pathetic appeal to the public for help. Then turns up out of the heap a letter that is registered, and the secretary in doubt and fear breaks the seal. Some folks are so careful of their donations, that if they send five shillings they take the precaution of registering it; but it is more commonly done when the enclosure is a bank note. Perhaps this is a bank-note for five, ten, maybe twenty pounds! Such plums as the

last-mentioned are by no means common, but they *have* been known to find their way into the asylum's letter-basket. And then the letter is opened, and there appears the cheque, and the bewildering words "Pay to A. B., secretary of the Neglected Babies' Home, the sum of One Thousand Pounds." It would be worth double the money to noble-hearted "A. Z." could he see that secretary's face as he reads and re-reads the miraculous scrap of paper. He folds it up, and takes a turn up and down the office with it held tight in his fist, and then carries it to the window and opens it again—as people do, who, in dreams, pick up purses stuffed with bank-notes and diamonds, slowly and with bated breath, and thinking that despite that first peep surely it *must* be a delusion. No! it's all right. "One thousand pounds" are the words, plain and unmistakeable. Acknowledge it in the *Times*! Why, if he were permitted to do so, the grateful secretary would sit down there and then, and in the thankfulness of his heart pen an acknowledgment that would fill a couple of columns at least, exclusive of the double row of signatures of the helpless little ones whom the money of happy "A. Z." had made glad.

But, as before mentioned, we cannot be all "A. Z.'s," and the best that we can do is to be charitable according to our means. Such, according to their own showing, are the amiable men of money who advertise their willingness to assist their fellow-mortals in distress. They are even at the pains to invent ingenious "catch-lines" to head their advertisements, each one trying to outvie his fellow-philanthropists in this respect, in order that he may gather to himself the greater number of subjects for the exercise of his sovereign healing. Every morning, all the year round, do these charitable ones call aloud from the newspapers; and there are so many of them all of a row, that if each had a sounding voice instead of a typographed one, there would ensue a din that there would be no such thing as paying proper attention to the police reports or the parliamentary debates. "MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!" one calls out in letters so large and distinct that they seem almost to chink like sovereigns in the pocket. "To all in want of money, apply immediately at the Houndsditch Financial Discount Office. Interest, five per cent. per annum. Payable by instalments to suit the convenience of the borrower." And the next: "TO THE EMBARRASSED. If you wish to obtain a loan of from five to five hundred pounds, all that you have to do is to cut out this advertisement and send it to our office, stating sum required, etc., and four stamps for reply." Why four stamps? Why? He must indeed be a stupid person who cannot divine the reason at a glance. Does not the registration of a letter cost just fourpence? and would it be safe to send a money enclosure, especially to a stranger, without taking *some* precaution? All that you have to do is to state the amount of money you require, "etc.," and you may rely on a crisp little parcel of bank-notes by return of post. To be sure it is somewhat

difficult to define the requirements of that brief "*et cetera*," but for that matter one's necessities must be pressing indeed if he cannot wait the space of two posts for the wherewithal to relieve him of his anxieties; and there can be no doubt that the obliging clerk of the office will be but too happy, on receipt of an extra stamp, to enlighten him as to what "*etc.*" in loan-office parlance means.

It can scarcely be that the philanthropist who so frankly appeals to "the Embarrassed" intends by his indefinite promise to subject those who apply to him to the trouble and inconvenience of looking up anything in the shape of tangible security he may happen to be possessed of, and which the lender might like to hold, or that he will be expected to procure a signed bond for the amount from two or more substantial householders. It cannot possibly be so, or the "Friend to the Embarrassed" would do no business at all. The good Samaritan who figures next on the list would cut him out as neatly as ever an intending borrower cut out the advertisement as invited to. Here is proposition number four copied just as it stands in the newspaper. This is an explicit announcement if you like. There can be no concealed meaning here. No doubtful phrase that can make a borrower half resolved still further hesitate. "Do you WANT TO BORROW MONEY? If so, apply at once to Mr. —, at the office, Kingsland. Any amount under fifty pounds granted next day, after application, on borrower's own note of hand. Repayments may be made monthly, quarterly, anyhow that is suitable to our clients, and by post-office order to save the trouble of attending at the office. No inquiry! No office fees! No security required!"

In the name of all that is generous, what can a man who wishes his fellow-creatures to enjoy a little of that which he has in such superabundance say more to induce the needy to apply at the office in Kingsland?—an office, bear in mind, that the advertiser himself provides without fee or reward; for he particularly mentions that though you are welcome to its use you are not called on to pay as much as a penny towards gas, coal, or clerk's wages. As for inquiry fees, he is scarcely the man to impose them, since his nature is so confiding that he never makes inquiry at all. He prefers *not* to make inquiry; if he did so he might have his eyes opened to the fact that there are in this wicked world a certain class of persons so utterly heartless and depraved as to design to abuse the child-like trust of a loan-office keeper. If there is a plan to cheat him, he would rather be in ignorance of it, even until after the base purpose is consummated, so that he may enjoy the sweet consolation of reflecting that possibly the borrower meant well, but that circumstances over which he had no control prevented him from acting up to the terms of the agreement. Anything, anything, rather than that the loan-office keeper should be rudely shocked to wide-awakeness as regards the world's iniquity, and should feel compelled, however regretfully, to give up business alto-

gether, or do violence to his nature by making inquiries as to the solvency of those who seek his aid.

Another kind of public benefactor who proclaims his disinterested desire to benefit his species, is a person who, having money to lend, is by no means disposed to be confounded with professional financial Samaritans. This person heads his advertisement in an amateurish, unbusinesslike manner, that one would think would expose him to the machinations of those unscrupulous ones who are perpetually roaming about seeking what in the shape of guilelessness they may devour:—

“A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN, with a few thousands at his command, is desirous of negotiating loans of small amounts,—say from five pounds to twenty-five,—with persons of integrity who are temporarily embarrassed. Tradesmen, clerks, and others must be prepared to furnish credentials as to their respectability, as the system of inquiry adopted by the principals of ordinary loan-offices is dispensed with. The gentleman has no connection with professional money-lenders, and makes the offer as a *bonâ fide* boon to the public, on a New and Improved System, whereby all respectable persons can have immediate cash accommodation. The rate at present charged, and until the alteration is publicly announced will so remain, is five per cent. Prospectus free. No office fees. No preliminary charge of any kind.”

And yet poor folks talk about the difficulty they at times experience in tiding over their temporary troubles, and of how hard they find it to make both ends meet! Likewise they are not unfrequently heard to grumble about the proneness of the rich to grind and oppress their brethren in distress, and of the monstrous difference there is in the rate of interest exacted from the humble compared to that which is cheerfully accepted from the well-to-do. Why, here is an individual who expresses his willingness to lose by every monetary transaction he engages in. With the Bank rate at seven per cent. he comes forward, with his cheque book in his hand, and invites “all respectable persons” to come and borrow of him at five per cent. All that an unfortunate tradesman has to do is to look up a few evidences of his respectability,—a copy of the registration of his legitimate birth, a duplicate of his marriage certificate, and any old receipts for the payment of pew-rents or income-tax he may happen to have by him. These, it may be presumed, will suffice,—these and the tradesman's note of hand, to the effect that, as soon as it may be convenient, he will refund the amount of the loan advanced, and the Private Gentleman will forward the money at once.

The most wonderful part of the business is, that despite the vast number of “embarrassed ones” who must be constantly on the lookout for a friendly-disposed person, such as the “Private Gentleman,” and the certainty that thousands must ere this have found him out

and profited by his munificence, he has not tired of his good-natured task. He still advertises in the newspapers,—nay, it is a fact, that whereas a year since he modestly confined himself to one or two of the cheap and popular “weeklies,” he now appears every morning of the week and every week of the year in the dailies as well. Surely he must be ruining himself,—unless, indeed, his business is like that of the Cheap Jack, who lost by every separate article he sold, and whose only hope of his making any profit lay in the enormous extent of his dealings. Either this, or the majority of the “respectable public” to whom he so candidly appeals, must have discovered that the Private Gentleman is an arrant humbug, the most objectionable humbug of the whole loan-office fraternity, who, as a rule, are merely wolves in sheep’s clothing, while Mr. “Private Gentleman” appears as a lamb—innocent and tender, and with a blue riband round his neck. His great card is this affectation of simplicity, and he deliberately lays himself out as a noodle, who has money and don’t know what to do with it. This answers a double purpose. He catches the timid borrower,—the really respectable, bashful, poor fellow, who never in his life borrowed money before, and who would sooner die almost than reveal his temporary destitution to his friends. This is the individual who is shy of the ordinary loan-office. He has heard that there is a bond of brotherhood amongst the whole gang of loan-office harpies, and that the ledgers of each are open for inspection for the mutual protection of all. This being so, it is possible, despite all he may be able to do to the contrary, that his secret may leak out and become known. But the Private Gentleman who fearlessly tells the company of loan-mongers that he has not, nor desires, any connection with them, that he eschews their method of business altogether, and has one of his own that better agrees with his conscience—there can be no harm in applying to such a one. No one need ever know it. As the advertisement says, the utmost secrecy will be observed, and repayments may be made by post-office order. This is the sort of customer the Private Gentleman prefers to any other, as affording fatter and more tender picking. But he relies as well for a goodly share of his profits on the many who come to bite, and find themselves bitten,—on persons of the Micawber breed, who, in order that the steed may not starve while the grass is “turning up,” will borrow at every available opportunity—men who have dabbled in “loans” obtained at the regular offices until their names are no longer good for anything at those establishments. True, there is not very much got by bagging this kind of game, but with the Private Gentleman it is merely a question of powder and shot expended in bringing such birds down, compared with the value of their carcasses. He lures them to him, these old birds, and they come to his call meek as pigeons. It must be an instructive spectacle to witness a passage of business between the two,—the Private Gentleman protesting against

the abominable ways of the vulgar professional loan-negotiator, and the other agreeing with every word, and asserting that *he* never could have been induced to apply for assistance to such a ravenous horde, and that it was only because of his implicit faith in the Private Gentleman, &c., &c. But the Private Gentleman gains something by the interview. The wolf peeps out of the lamb-like eyes, and discovers in the applicant a fellow-creature of prey, though of meaner capacity than himself, and from that moment there is as much hope of his obtaining a loan from the Private Gentleman, as of that individual turning honest. Still, the latter cannot have his time wasted completely. "Oh, yes, he has no doubt that what is desired may be done. He cannot say off-hand, of course. He must submit the proposition to his lawyer, without whose advice he never acts, and his lawyer's fee is ten shillings—a mere trifle only, in fact ninepence in the pound, but it must be paid in advance. It is not for the Private Gentleman's benefit. He is prepared to act strictly in accordance with the terms of his advertisements, and to charge not one farthing for his personal expenses or for inquiry, but these legal men, my dear sir —"

And twice out of three times the would-be borrower, wide awake and experienced as he is, is taken off his guard by this eccentric and decidedly un-loan-office-like way of doing business, and parts with the ten shillings, and there is an end to the transaction.

But it is the *bond fide* willing-to-pay borrower who is best worth fishing for. The loan-office shark has invented a beautiful and perfect system of late years. So safe! There is not a loan-office in London and for twelve miles round that is not perfectly well acquainted with the transactions of every other similar establishment. Every night of his life the Private Gentleman doubtless receives from the other offices a list of all applicants on the preceding day, together with the results of enquiry into their past lives and future prospects. Were it not for this, the same individual, the borrower and his surety or sureties, might make successful application at every establishment in the metropolis, and so do an immense stroke of swindling business. He must be, however, an extremely clever person who can "raise the wind" at anyone's expense but his own, if he ventures to take the owners of a loan-office in hand as his bellows for the purpose. He is a very lucky person if, having meddled with the lined twigs that the rapacious villains hold out so temptingly, his wings are not so utterly crippled and clogged as to be useless for free flight for many a year afterwards. The newspapers have of late revealed many instances of the heartless behaviour of money-lenders towards their victims, but where one of the latter find courage enough to go to a magistrate and explain the wrong they have endured, there are fifty who are so completely crushed and ruined, alike in spirit and worldly estate, that they sink and are passed over and heard of no

more. It is appalling the amount of mischief these petty loan-office people work. It is a fact within the writer's knowledge that there is a broker and auctioneer in only one district, a district at the east of London, who is kept constantly going, and has as much as he can do to sell by auction at his "rooms" the seizures made on bills of sale, and which are provided him by only *three* loan-offices. The "bill of sale" is the weapon that the modern lender of small sums at an interest of from forty to seventy per cent. wields with such deadly effect. It did not use to be so. If a loan-office borrower failed in the payment of the agreed-on instalments, his creditor sought no other remedy than the county court, but it is different now. The security insisted on is much more substantial than a promissory note with two or three names appended; the money-lender will have, by hook or by crook, or by both—for his daring in this respect is very remarkable—a document that shall enable him, in the event of the terms of the contract being in the least disregarded, to swoop down on the household goods of the defaulter, and cart them away without a moment's notice; and right and left the whole tribe of extortionists are making hay until such time as the sun of knowledge shines and disperses the haze of ignorance that at present envelops the minds of men of humble station as to what a terrible scourge in the hands of an inexorable enemy a bill of sale is. The amount of ignorance prevailing on this subject is astonishing. It may be safely said that in no one case brought before a police court has it been shown that the victim was aware of the power that the loan-office proprietor held over him. In the majority of cases, by some sort of sleight of hand and bamboozling, the borrower and his unlucky surety have been induced to sign a document improperly filled in; and, incredible as it may appear, in four cases out of five, what the dupe signs is merely a blank stamped paper. It has been said so many times that it is scarcely worth while repeating here, that men who do such rash things are unworthy the sympathy and condolence of men of sense; at the same time it should not be forgotten that it comes fairly within the functions of the law to protect fools from the machinations of rogues. It is common for a magistrate to remark to a poor fellow who comes to him to declare that the loan-office vultures have pounced on his house and cleaned it out, from attic to kitchen, that if he has been guilty of the monstrous absurdity of allowing another man to rob him with his eyes open he must bear the consequences; but it may be said that the victim does *not* so commit himself with his eyes open. A man's faculties are not generally at their keenest and coolest at the moment when he is about to receive the amount he has experienced so much difficulty in borrowing, and for the use of which his dire necessity makes him in such red-hot haste; and then again, it should be borne in mind, that loan-offices as a rule are little dingy, ill-lighted dens, and when a borrower is requested "just to pop his

name down here—for the mere form of the thing," he has no reason to assume that he is dealing with rogues and rascals. And, after all, a man who attaches his signature to a paper he has not first carefully perused, or one that is folded over so that part is invisible, is certainly no greater simpleton than the one who is led by a skittle-sharper to stake all his money, and then to go and pawn his watch to raise more with the certainty of losing it; but although the magistrate is apt to tell a greenhorn of this class that he has no pity for him, he sentences the skittle-sharp to a few months at the tread-mill. It makes no difference what are the implements of "hocus-pocus" used: a rogue will naturally apply himself to such tools as he can exercise with most dexterity, and it seems quite clear that the man who by conjuration, peculiar to the line of business he has adopted, makes it appear that another man has signed away goods of the value of thirty pounds, when at the time of signing he was led to believe that he was pledging himself only to ten or fifteen pounds, is as crafty a swindler as he who inveigles you to trust him to take a short walk away from you with your purse in his possession, as a test of your faith in his honesty, and who walks off with it altogether.

It is quite time the law stepped in to enforce the better regulation of petty loan-offices. It interferes with sufficient stringency as regards other of the poor man's facilities for borrowing. No one may carry on a pawnbroker's business without first obtaining a licence, and giving very substantial guarantee for his respectability. He is not at liberty to make the best terms he can with his client. He may do business on only one system, and according to certain rules fixed by the legislature. What is sufficient interest for the capital he invests in the pawning department is arranged for him, and he must abide by the said arrangement or suffer the consequences. Should he over-charge so little as a penny on a pledge, the aggrieved may rely on having prompt justice at the nearest police court. He is debarred the exercise of his free will to be honest, and is compelled to be so by Act of Parliament. The petty loan-monger, however, is hampered by no such restrictions. He may charge what interest he pleases, and make his own terms as to repayment. For a loan of ten pounds it is his common practice to obtain as security, in addition to a note of hand, a bill of sale for at least twenty-five, that not only the amount still unpaid of the advanced money, but also the "attendant expenses" may be covered; and attendant expenses means just anything that the rapacious creditor may please to name. Besides, it is impossible to hold a more potent screw over a poor fellow than authority to break up and destroy his home. The old law that enabled a creditor to lay hands on a small debtor and carry him away to prison was stigmatised as barbarous, and repealed accordingly, but to wreck and desolate his home is even more cruel. At all events, and although a prisoner, he was only so until such time

as his family could raise money for his ransom, and with his ransom his domestic affairs resumed their peaceful and comfortable course; but the breaking-up of a home is very often irrevocable. In the first place there is the enormous loss the debtor sustains by the sale of his goods by auction. Such sales are invariably "without reserve," and anyone at all conversant with the subject is aware of what *that* means. Nothing more or less than the banding together of half-a-dozen unprincipled brokers, who take care not to bid against the one who is deputed to secure at his own price every lot that is put up, the whole gang dividing the spoil afterwards. By means of this arrangement it is not at all uncommon for house furniture, worth say forty pounds, to realise not more than seven or eight pounds; and if the auctioneer is "in the swim," of course the matter is much simplified. There can be no doubt that the misery arising from this source is wide-spread and increasing. As already has been mentioned in this paper, the patronage of three loan-offices is enough to occupy the time and attention of one auctioneer who has extensive warehouse room. The ordinary rate of business at this last-mentioned establishment is four hundred "lots" per week. This from three loan-offices! It may be safely assumed that in and about London there are at least a hundred of these petty money-mongers; and if they are all equally active with the bill-of-sale dodge, it requires but an easy exercise of calculation to discover the amount of domestic devastation worked by them every week of their lives.

JAMES GREENWOOD.

LIGHT, HEAT, AND AIR.

THIS sounds alarmingly wide ; and if we were to go into the correlation of forces, and all that, it would be much wider ; but we are not going into anything of the kind,—at least, I am not,—of course, you can go into any correlations you please, and I wish you joy of your adventures. But who would have thought, when, two months ago, I suggested that the early closing movement would have the effect of shutting off a good deal of gas-light from the streets at an earlier hour than usual, and so leave us without the accustomed amount of protection from abundant light,—who would have thought of a gas-strike ? And, good heavens ! suppose we were to have a water-strike ! It is not possible at present to interfere with one's daily supply of air, so we may rest easy on that score. But our supply of light after dark is a sufficiently serious matter, and it is only to be hoped that scientific men will take the matter up and make us independent of companies and stokers. Could we not import fire-flies from Sumatra, or some place in the East ? In fact, I do not see why we ought not to be able to make our persons luminous at pleasure. However, we shall get into the correlation of forces if we do not mind, so let us just remark on the extreme abjectness of the spectacle presented by London a few weeks back. The stokers struck, and lo ! we were at the end of our resources ! Why, a general illumination would have settled it at once ; the streets were bright enough on the last public Thanksgiving Day ! Or we might all have gone about the streets with lanterns at our belts, like the policemen and postmen. Or we might all have carried lighted torches,—what is more picturesque than a torchlight procession ! Or there might have been bonfires at every hundred yards. Advertisers were not half wide-awake, or they would have covered London with a blaze of lime-light behind transparencies of Red-heart Rum and Christmas Numbers. But there is no spirit now-a-days. We have got so into the habit of having things done for us, and we all hold so many shares in things, that individual vivacity is wasted. I am perfectly persuaded that if I, for instance, had, on one of those dark nights, gone about the streets with a luminous hat, or with a belt of bull's-eyes round my waist, I should have been taken up for causing a mob, instead of being admired for my inventiveness and public spirit.

The worst of it is that an event of this sort brings all the fallacies to the fore, and they get repeated and re-echoed by reports in the usual tone till everybody believes them over again. For example, the medical journals, or some of them, have been coming out with the usual laudations of coal-gas. "A given amount of light from

gas is attended with no more injury to health or furniture than the same amount of light from candles; and paraffin lamps, benzoline lamps, and all the rest, are bad for the eyes. Cases of retinal disturbance have been on the increase of late, one cause being the frequent use of paraffin lamps." Now, with the abuse of the paraffin lamp, which is one of the curses of poor and middling households, I heartily agree. But that light from coal-gas causes no more mischief than light in similar quantity from candles or sperm-oil, I deny. Doctors and chemists may swear to what they please, and analyze and report till decimals are split to rags; but they will not convince me of what I know, which is, that the very purest gas I have ever seen used is injurious to health and to furniture. You shall light an attic in a four-storied house with fourteen candles, and you shall light another attic in a similar house with "fourteen-candle" gas, and I will engage to tell, on entering the hall, in which house the gas is burning. Unless there is so much of what is called "ventilation" in a place that you are forced to keep your hat on, the use of gas tends to cause a peculiar head-ache in all sensitive subjects, however good their health may be. And the use of candles does not? No, sir, it does not. All bad air affects the head more or less; but the effect of coal-gas is, as far as I know, *sui generis*.

A similar effect, however, is produced by the use of coke, however slight that use may be, in a fire. This is to me more rapidly injurious even than gas. Even passing a coke-fire in the street is unpleasant; there is an instant rush of an indescribable heavy sensation to the forehead in my own case. Yet I find few people object to coke, and even Dr. Arnott (*Elements of Physic*, vol. ii. page 495) recommends a coke fire for keeping the temperature of a large house uniform in certain cases. Do you think my sensations are all fancy? I would have you know, on the contrary, that they are real and most serious; and that I have known other sensitive people in good health to be affected in the same way. True, it looks as if the majority were totally unaffected by such matters; but even if it were so, what then? I have read that a nigger will suffer less from a wired cat-o'-nine tails than an Englishman from the ordinary cat; it may not be true, but if it is who would be a nigger? It must be noted, however, that the majority are not totally unaffected by such matters, though it looks as if they were. The ordinary woman will have neuralgia for years, and half ruin her husband in doctor's bills, and yet persistently refuse to recognise the real *removable* cause of her sufferings. I know half-a-dozen fellows who are rapidly getting bald and dim-eyed under the influence of gas, and they either refuse to believe it, or say, feebly, "What can we do? Everybody burns gas. It is laid on in my house, and do you mean to say I am not to use it?" Ah, ah! how many times may you hear this sort of argument from men who actually suppose that they have opinions of their own. Yes, they vote,

they choose their place of worship, they criticise books, they join in jury verdicts, and yet "what they are pleased to call their minds" are equal to no more self-determination than this—"The gas is laid on in my house or office, what am I to do?"

The use of hot-air or hot-water pipes is another matter in which I cannot get on with scientific persons. "Why don't you give up the open grate and use the hot-air pipes which science prescribes?" I saw this only the other day, an expostulation delivered with all the serene self-sufficiency which characterises the working man of science. It only made me laugh. I find it utterly impossible, take what precautions I may, to frequent, without incurring head-ache, places which are heated by hot-air pipes; and I am a loser in every way by the incapacity. In this particular, I find more support from others than with regard to the use of gas; and it is really quite refreshing to find a human being now-a-days who will openly say, "My sensations are so and so; I have scientifically verified the fact; I have applied the *comparentia intellectum ad instantiarum convenientium*; the *comparentia instantiarum in proximo quæ natura data privantur*; the *comparentia instantiarum secundum magis et minus*; and the *rejedio naturarum*; in fact, sir, I have exhausted the *Norum Organum*, and I am not going to be chemically bullied out of my sensations by your decimals. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Besides, even supposing hot-air pipes did not give you a head-ache, or that close stoves did not, or that any of the tricks for saving coal were unobjectionable from the poetic point of view, is the poetic point of view nothing, pray? I was once talking to a gentleman, through whose hands these lines will pass, about some contrivance for making it unnecessary to poke a fire, and he replied, "Why, what is a fire for but to be poked?" A very laudable answer. Tell me not of what they do in Russia, or France, or the United States—they are none the better for their close stoves, and I strongly suspect the absence of open grates must affect their morals. You ask me to explain? I submit that I am not bound to explain, at least "not upon compulsion—not upon compulsion." But, as a matter of complaisance, I will observe that I think I have noticed moral affinities in fires. They will burn up better in the presence of some people than they will in that of others. Sometimes you will notice that a fire refuses to kindle handsomely unless you go and sit by it in a friendly manner; and a fire will never burn up well when you are yourself in a bad temper. Now if there are Spirits of the Elements—and why not?—all this is as simple as possible. Who can gauge the intelligence of a salamander? And that salamanders have been visible to the naked eye we have positive testimony, though I am just now too dull to remember the name of a well-known writer of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, who has left it on record that he saw one himself in the fire, and that his father gave him a box on

the ear at the time, making some such speech as this: "My deare childe, I gave you that cuff on your eare not by way of chastisement for any fault ye have done, but that ye might unto your deathe remember that the creature ye now saw in that flame was a salamander." I do not vouch for the words, but it was something like that, and nobody can deny that it reads very soberly. But let it be clearly understood that my objection to hot-air pipes and preference of open fires does not rest upon the existence of salamanders in fires as a general thing.

But these matters are habitually treated in an arid and dogmatic manner, which is very offensive. What a fuss do your pathological experts make about the unwholesomeness of breathed air, and the number of cubic feet there ought to be to each person. But there are two sides to these matters; and I maintain that, heat and ventilate a room as you may, it is not wholesome to live in till the air has been what these fellows call "vitiated." Of course somebody must begin, and suffer for it; but then that is only in accordance with the general law of self-sacrifice—no husband who is a *man* flinches from acting as a warming-pan to the cold bed-clothes in behalf of his wife; and so the first human being who "vitiates" the air of a new room must sacrifice a trifle for the sake of the subsequent inhabitants. Talk about cubic feet of air, pray how many cubic feet do a pair of lovers want? And yet people are not satisfied now with that everlasting Black Hole of Calcutta; they must actually go and put themselves in leaden tanks, and see how long they can live in their own ether. Dr. Angus Smith has himself sealed up in a large canister, and then reports that he feels faint after a certain time. Now that is all very well, but let Dr. Angus Smith take Helen of Troy, or Aspasia, or Laura, or Agnes Sorel, or Beatrice, or Joan of Arc, or the Nut-brown Maid into the tank along with him, and get into conversation with her—as he would be almost sure to do; for it would be difficult to be in a tank with a lady and not speak; let him do this, I say, and he will find that what was enough for one will then be enough for two, with something to spare. But the worst of scientific men is that they are not emotive; and I will be bound to say it never even occurred to Dr. Angus Smith to make any experiment of this sort. But, dear heart! one wants to ask a thousand questions in all such cases. Would a poet be able to live longer in a tank than Dr. Letheby or Dr. Frankland? And supposing the man inside the tank to have reached the point at which it is scientifically ascertained that anything human must die for want of air, could not his life be prolonged by letting him know (in some way which science must suggest—it is no business of mine) that he would be let out in ten minutes longer, and that a cheque for £10,000 would be handed to him immediately upon his extrication?

Now, it is all very well to laugh; but questions of this kind are

not so idle as they look. On the one hand we have philosophers going in for the production not only of food, but of living organised beings, and on the other for a science of climatic chemistry. A reviewer has observed, with fine humour, that it would be awkward if science should happen to produce food-consumers before it produced food; but this is nothing to the Physical Antinomies which I can foresee if this sort of thing goes on. There is an Armageddon coming—I am sure of it. We have been hasty in abusing the Inquisition for trying to put a stop to Galileo's innovations. There is something, too, in that wisdom of the Orient which deprecates the intellectual and physical restlessness of the Frank: "Oh, Joy of my Liver, why wilt thou go to and fro upon the earth seeking knowledge which is not good? Hath not everything an appointed season? Do not the sun and moon abide for ever?" Upon my word I wish they may; but I do not believe they will be allowed to. In the meanwhile, as we may as well try to be comfortable, I wish men of science would make the arts of illumination and ventilation a little better understood. As to the latter, mankind may at present be divided into two classes—those who care nothing about fresh air, and those who have a fresh-air "fad," and are bent on killing you with thorough draughts. And as to illumination, I firmly believe the gas companies buy up all the improved plans as fast as they show their noses above water. That is the only way in which one can account for our being kept at the mercy of their clumsy, old-world devices,—their miles of piping, their digging up of the paths, their lamplighters, their stokers, their hideous gasometers, the insolent diffusive power of their noisome smells, their sulphurous poisons in the air, and all the rest of it. Nor is it safe that organised bodies of men should possess the power they hold. When we think of the devastating effect of a single gas explosion in a small shop, we may well tremble to think of the fate which these terrible confederated bodies might, in some vindictive moment, let loose upon Civilisation. We all know that boards of directors have neither carcasses nor consciences. Where, then, is our hold upon the gas companies? We have beheld them, once and again, gloomily recalcitrant under Parliamentary manipulation. At present their maximum for dividend is 10 per cent., and I think they are, on an average, forced to supply sixteen-candle gas. Now, if some future Cardwell's Committee were to reduce that maximum, and order them to heighten the illuminating power all round, the exasperated directors might easily pass the word for a combined effort and a universal explosion of that mighty element of which they are permitted to retain the control. And who that remembers Guy Fawkes, Erostratus, Jonathan Martin, the Khalif Omar, and other incendiaries, will deny that human nature is capable of such a deed?

MATTHEW BROWNE.

DRESS.

HINTS TO LADIES.

I.—IMPORTANCE OF DRESS.

IN modern days, so far removed from those when dress was regarded as a mere covering, and aspired to be no more (although it always admitted of decoration, such as jewellery or needlework)—in modern days we no longer look upon a gown as a shield against wintry cold, or a modest veil drawn between ourselves and the outer world. We expect it to be a work of art. Much money, representing much labour, is lavished upon every garment. When the silk-weaver has spent his skill upon the production of even texture, delicate gloss, and rare tints, only half the work is completed. We cannot fling and fold the rich piece upon us after the simple fashion of our forefathers. We want it more to express than to hide us. A clever crafts-woman must cut it to the approved shape, and sew it into form; it must be clothed upon with other and richer fabrics, which we call "trimming," until its original price is doubled. Every form is eagerly borrowed for these trimmings. Patterns old and new are exhausted to form attractive combinations—the Greek frieze, the mediæval missal-border, the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms are laid under contribution—our very discontent with all there is, and our insatiable craving for novelty, is one of the diseases consequent on a certain repletion of variety. Raised work, indented work, tabs, fringes, frills—there is no possible form of ornament that we have not tried and cast aside. So that a dress now claims to be considered as a work of art.

Now if dress be worth all this elaboration, if it intends to reach, as it evidently aspires to do, the platform of a picture, or a poem, or a fine building, the art it adopts must be either good or bad art. I believe the melancholy truth to be that we can hardly find a modern dress which is not throughout in the worst taste and opposed to the principles of all good art.

Yet at the same time I think that the milliners mean well. I think that the women who spoil themselves with the milliner's devices mean well too. They do want to make the best of themselves, to be "things of beauty," and not eyesores. But how to do this they don't know, and they don't think, and they generally refuse to learn. There are some ladies who always look well: they are not necessarily the pretty ones; but they are women gifted with fine natural taste, who instinctively choose right forms, colours, and fabrics, generally without knowing why. These, however, are exceptions.

If everybody who could hold a pencil were suddenly called upon to

paint a picture, there would be only a few out of every score at least who would betray any sense of grace, perspective, colour, or design. Therefore it would be best for those unpossessed of the sacred fire to receive instruction of some wholesome kind before they wasted time and good material to so little purpose.

But what is true of painting is true also of dress. We need not all paint, but we have all got to dress, and the sooner dress is recognised by our women as an art product, the better (and probably the cheaper) they will be able to apparel themselves.

What usually takes place in this country in the matter of dress? Vain persons who are proud of their appearance, and wish to make the most of themselves, spend much time in covering themselves with things that make an artist lift up hands and eyes of regret, astonishment, and pity. Those who are not vain often exclaim, "O let us avoid those wearisome shops! Show me no more stuffs and ribands; I will wear anything that is brought to me!" and both act from ignorance. The vain person wastes time and defeats her own aim: the other is not educated enough to dream that there is anything to know that is worth knowing: does not sufficiently respect what God has given her to care how she looks: so there is always a discord between her inner and outer self.

Yet dress and a proper care for it ought not to minister merely to vanity, nor impair in any degree the moral tone. A woman ought to care what she wears for her own sake and the sake of those about her. It is a fault, not a virtue, to be reckless of the impression one leaves on the eye, just as it is a fault to be indifferent to the feelings of others: in either case there is a sad absence of those subtle and beautiful perceptions that constitute a delicate and gentle mind.

II.—MORALITIES OF DRESS.

In proceeding to lay down a few simple laws about the right and wrong—call it morality if you will—of dress, I notice, firstly, the morality of what we wear, which includes the questions of decency in dress; secondly, the morality of how we wear it, which is quite another thing, a matter simply affecting our own selves and not the garment; and then there is thirdly, the independent morality of the fashion of the garment in itself.

Firstly. The morality of what we wear. Decency in dress is a difficult question, and one too lengthy and involved to discuss fully here. We need only give a few examples which may suggest more to thinking minds. The human body uncovered is not necessarily a shocking thing. There is nothing wrong or improper in that which is made in God's own image, which is justly held to be the highest type of beauty in creation. And at a time when beauty for its own sake was intensely appreciated, when it was cultivated with something of a religious enthusiasm, when the mother longed for her child

to be beautiful because beauty was felt to be divine, at such a time, in the fair warm climate of Greece and Italy, it was hardly thought needful to veil the body. The Greeks were proud of their beautiful bodies, as we are of a beautiful face, and a bare leg was no more to them than a bare arm is to us; and the sexes mingled in free and honest companionship, clad only in a thin stola, children being devoid even of that.

But what was harmless in the early Greeks would be impossible in nations who have lost to a great extent the simple instinct of natural beauty, whilst they have grown abnormally self-conscious and reflective. There are tribes in the East still of no mean virtue (acting up to their lights) who consider the exposure of the face, or their identity, indelicate; but the rest of the body, where everybody is more or less alike, may "go bare, go bare." The Turkish woman in her loose trouser, perhaps the most modest and sensible of all feminine costumes, is often held up as a type of indelicate dress; but in many respects our own fashions are open to juster criticism, which seem to admit an impropriety by displaying a part only, just enough to hint at the rest, as though conscious of something wrong. This is far worse than the entire expression of the form, where use and artistic appreciation, or simplicity of mind, have divested it of all exclusively evil associations.

Secondly. The morality of how we wear a thing depends on the wearer's mind. Some women, though covered up to the eyes, always contrive to look indelicate; some others, *décolletée*, as the dressmaker and a corrupt custom have made them, are in their natural innocence without reproach. We may see this in statues and pictures. It is the mind that makes or mars. Many nude figures in sculpture and painting fail to offend, because the face which expresses the mind is free from shame or blame, and the whole attitude is sweet and unconscious.

Thirdly. But of the first and second moralities it is not so much our wish to speak here; they must be left to the healthy instincts of pure women, and each will surely enough, by her mode of dress, betray her mind's bent; we can thereby, as it were, compute her orbit. But as to our third point, the morality of the garment itself now engages our attention. This may be seen when it is hung on a peg with no human form inside it. For moral qualities may be applied to the fashioning and the adorning of a robe from a purely artistic point of view, as they may be applied to a building. The noble principles of art, which are all founded upon healthy nature, and are all moral—that is, they tend to exercise a right influence on the mind; they satisfy, soften, and do not enervate or harass it—all these may be as apparent in a gown as in a cathedral.

In the following remarks I shall confine myself as much as possible to the independent morality of dress.

III.—IMBECILE ORNAMENT.

Probably nothing that is not useful is in any high sense beautiful. At least it will be almost universally seen in the matter of dress that where an effect is bad it is an artificial or false effect, and *vice versa*. A trimming that has no *raison d'être* is generally ungraceful. A pendent jewel simply sewn to a foundation where it neither holds up nor clasps together any part of the dress, usually looks superfluous, as it is. Above all, bows (which are literally nothing but strings tied together) stuck about when there is no possibility of their fastening two parts, almost always appear ridiculous; when needed for a mere ornament, a *rosette* should be used, which pretends to be nothing else.

In the making of dresses, lines ending nowhere, and nohow, are often apparent, and never fail to annoy the eye. The outlines of bonnets are conspicuous instances of this mistake. There is no art instinct, and but little of the picturesque element, in a nation who are indifferent to these things, and whose eye does not instinctively demand a meaning and a token in everything. In architecture do we not immediately detect and condemn a pillar that, resting on nothing, appears to support a heavy mass of masonry; an arch that is gummed against and not built into a wall, unsupported, and therefore in an impossible position; or a balcony that has neither base nor motive, unsupported and supporting nothing? And these things are not seldom seen on the fronts of our more decorative buildings, where the ignorant architect, knowing the whole thing to be a sham, the balconies of plaster, the carvings cement, the lintels fictitious, the pillars hollow, forgets that the forms he borrows were meant for use, and not merely for show. Mr. Ruskin has preached to us the motive of all good art; Sir Charles Eastlake and others have taught us the practical dangers of debased art, and we may at once see how principles that are bad in one place are also bad in another. The uncultured dress-maker, only longing for novelty, invents forms of attire that would be impossible were dress less utterly artificial than it is, and this is half the cause of our universal ill-dressing. No fashion or form can leave the mind without a jar that is not where it is because indispensable there. Whether it occur in a house or in a gown, the principle must be the same.

One of the reasons why peasants, fishwives, and such folk look picturesque and beautiful even in their rags, whatever be the mixture of colour or arrangement of form,—so much more beautiful than fashionable people look even when they try to imitate the fishwife,—is, I think, the motive apparent in everything they wear. The bright kerchief that covers the peasant's shoulders is so much better than a bodice trimmed in the form of a kerchief. The outer dress that really covers an under dress fully and fairly is so much more satisfactory than one which only pretends to do so, and betrays its own deceit at

the elbows, or the wrists, or behind, or in some other unexpected place. Anything that looks useful and is artificial is bad, and the more obviously artificial a thing is, the worse it must always be. A hood that is at once seen to be incapable of going over the head; something that looks like a tunic in one place, yet in another is seen to have no lawful habitation, nor a name; a false apron, a festoon that looks as though it had fallen accidentally upon the skirt, when by no possible means except glue or irrelevant pins could it stay there; a veil that you at once perceive is never meant to descend over the face, but is tacked to the top of the head in an exasperating manner; heavy lappets, that instead of being the natural termination of something else, hang meaningless and mutilated; slashes that are sewn *upon* the sleeve instead of breaking *through* it; and other things of the same kind;—they leave the eye unsatisfied, discontented, often disgusted.

IV.—SIMPLICITY.

Indeed, the truth is, we have far too many subdivisions of attire about us to manage them properly. If we had but half the flounces and furbelows, and upper and under and middle skirts, and aprons and sashes and "coat-tails" and festoons, we should just have half the difficulty in combining and arranging effects. It is easier to drive two horses than six, as poor Phaeton could have told us when he upset the chariot of the sun. He was an ignorant driver, and so is a woman in the matter of dress. We ought never to admit an addition to our already unmanageable team, without sufficient reason. We might dispense with half our complicated folds, our whalebones, our scrunched toes, our immoveable arms, and many other miseries, and look less like mere blocks for showing off clothes, and more like human beings; but we can't bear to let the housemaid or the crossing-sweeper think we have got a sixpence in our pockets when it can be hung or piled on our backs, and we go about like the celebrated camel who finally collapsed under a straw.

Nevertheless, when I hint at simplicity of attire, I am *not* looking back longingly to the latter end of the last century, and wishing to see Englishmen and Englishwomen make themselves the guys—I had almost said the revolting guys, that the victims of Jacques Louis David's classic mania did when they tried to be imitation Greeks. When pink tights are made to emulate bare legs, and gowns are worn as loosely over the tights as our very first parents could have desired, the result can only be indecent, and not picturesque or beautiful, for no generations of care have made the British body perfect like the Greek's; and when men take to wearing their hair plaited and combed after Apollo, and indiarubber continuations (about as much like the Greeks as muslin flowers are like real ones) the result can only be called funny and nothing else; whilst the more decorous

votaries, who make a compromise between goddess and mortal, such as the dress our grandmothers wore, can at best look only like resuscitated victims of the *auto da fé*,—luckless women who, having been tied up in sacks and flung into the river, have saved themselves by kicking out the sack-bottom (an appearance rather favoured by the "classic" *chevelure*, which was eminently damp-looking), and are on their way home to be dried.

Let us have no burlesque parodies of classic simplicity, but let us curb our insatiable passion for sticking everything we can procure, feathers and flounces, beads, birds'-nests, tabs, tinsel, and tails all over us, anywhere, like wild Indians or the Terebella. Alas! how like we are to the Terebella! Perhaps you ask what is the Terebella?

The Terebella is a little creature that lives in the sea, to whose tender body nature has allotted no protective covering, and which cleverly sets itself to supply the want with a taste about as fastidious as that shown by our own fair countrywomen. It collects materials for its little coat with the same rapacity, and often with as little judgment, for some of its most ambitious ornaments being more costly than it can afford, have actually led to its own destruction! Nothing comes amiss to it. Sand, shells, pieces of straw, sticks or stones, atoms of sea-weed, every kind of *débris* within its reach, good, bad, or indifferent, it will collect and stick upon itself, agglutinated together by a secretion that among marine animals takes the place of needle and thread. It has even been known to add a heavy chignon pebble to its load, more inconvenient than serviceable, after quite a human fashion! When its laborious coat is finished, it thrusts out its triumphant head and rejoices. This little creature is one of the annelids, and the pretty name of Terebella, though belonging to the sea, would not always be out of place on shore.

V.—STAYS AND BODICES.

In speaking of dress, it is impossible to go too much into details. I will begin with the gown viewed in its several parts.

The ridiculous lunatic who first brought in stays (some suppose her to have been Mademoiselle Pantine, a mistress of Marshal Saxe, others say an early Norman lady) is to blame for the first and greatest defect of modern gowns—the grotesque outline of the body.

We are not denying the necessity for some close-fitting garment as a support to the body and an improvement to the figure; but we must emphatically protest against a machine that, pretending to be a servant, is, in fact, a tyrant—that, aspiring to embrace, hugs like a bear—crushing in the ribs, and injuring the lungs and heart, the stomach, and, indeed, all internal organs. For what end? The end of looking like a wasp, and getting rid of the whole charm of graceful movement and easy carriage, the end of communicating an over-allish sensation of deformity to the spectator.

Why is a tightly-laced figure a deformity?

A small waist is a beauty, because, when it is natural, it goes together with the peculiar liteness and activity of a slenderly-built figure; but when it is artificially formed, unheard-of horrors are inseparable from it. The shoulders are palpably too broad for such a waist to support, the hips spread too suddenly from the ugly straight line (at an acute angle) between them and the arm-pit. And the face betrays the condition of the inside! Who can forgive the unhealthy cheek and red nose induced by such a cause? Who can forget the disease that has come or is coming? What sensible man or woman can pity the fool who faints, perhaps in the midst of a dance or conversation, from the unbearable pressure on the heart, caused by her stays and girdle—or, if they pity, do not also blush for her?

The Roman dame made use of bands that afforded support without impairing the supple beauty of the body. If our women would employ such means, the bodice would express, rather than deform, the figure, and there would not be the triangular hollow between the waist and elbow which now gives so much hardness to the outline.

Tight-lacing is far less general now than it was some years ago; let us hope that soon there may be no tight-lacing at all, and that the cruel corset may at last disappear for ever.

As to the 'cut' of the bodice—there are many forms, good and bad. The worst is, perhaps, the ordinary tight bodice, which we may christen the Pincushion style, from its hardness and stuffiness, and which follows the form of the stays and never that of the body. But you may say, "Why is this 'neat' bodice ugly? It is a pity to conceal a pretty figure for ever in loose folds. Why may we never see a clear outline?"

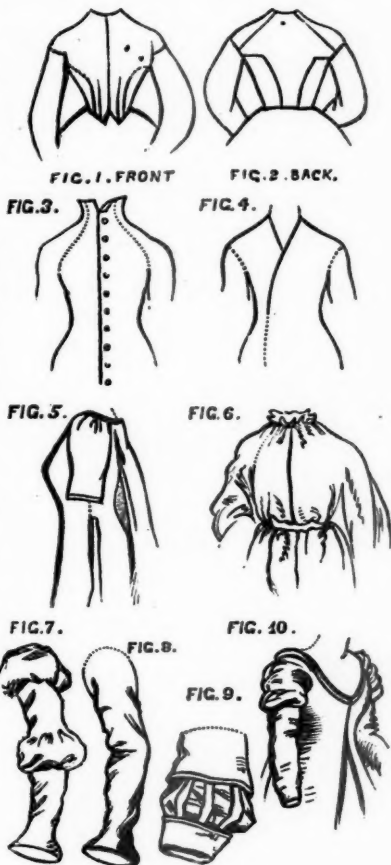
Certainly, if we did but see the outline of the body, and not the French milliner's idea of what the body should be! Nothing can be more beautiful than a close-fitting garment, such as that worn in the time of the Plantagenets, before the modern stays had come into being. But a box that stiffens the whole figure unnaturally, draws the waist into the shape of a V, when the female figure is much more like an H, is a detestable invention, and, indeed, only a kind of coffin; while as for the bodice fitting it, any garment containing so many unnecessary seams and wrong lines must always be an unpicturesque one. The following sketches of the ordinary tight bodice I submit to my readers, that they may decide this question for themselves.—(See figs. 1 and 2.)

As for the skirt (which ought to be, if it is not, a portion and a continuation of the bodice), it must partake of the character of the bodice—that is to say, if the bodice be cut tightly and formally to the figure, the skirt should be so. For instance, none but the plain gored skirt, without a single plait, can properly go with a tight

bodice. But if the bodice be full at the waist the skirt must contain plaits—for this style must signify a full and folded garment closed to the waist by a girdle. Nothing can be in worse (artistic) taste than to wear a loose bodice, such as a Garibaldi, with a tight gored skirt, which we have seen done, or a gathered skirt with a close bodice—no dress could be naturally cut in either way. It at once betrays that the skirt and bodice do not belong to each other, and are not cut together; or as artists say, “not all painted with the same palette.”

The necks of dresses are always ugly when cut in a circle close up to the throat, just as a glove that ends exactly at the wrist-bone, or a boot at the ankle, with a straight line, is always ugly. It always looks incomplete, and seems to require some sort of ornament like the collar we have sketched in fig. 4 (sixteenth century); it is not a natural form, and besides it gives the head a decapitated look. The corners (see fig. 1) taken off (fig. 4) at once give us a natural form. The V may fairly be carried down to the waist—but in this case let me beg my fair country women to wear a chemise. The fashion in vogue last season, of

wearing the chest bare to the waist while the dress was high behind and on the shoulders, was inexpressibly odious. We have seen these V-shaped bodices at evening parties, where the V was only stopped by the girdle! As to the picturesqueness of the dress, it was lost by the hard edge of the V upon the chest. A dress ought



never to end upon the skin—there should always be a tucker; firstly for cleanliness, and secondly for softening the line of contrast.

Seams ought never to have been introduced into the backs of close bodices. Surely the human back would be easy enough to fit without these lines, sometimes contradicting so flatly the natural ones of the figure. What can be more ugly than the forms of the spaces sketched in figs. 1 and 2? What can be a more needless break in the line of the arm and shoulder than the seam that chops off the arm just beneath the joint, or the square seam that crosses the blade-bone? There is another seam which is just as ugly and just as needless, which goes straight from the arm-pit to the waist. If a tight bodice demands a seam down the back it cannot need the side seams nor the seam under the arm. If the seam under the arm is conceded no other is required at the back. In the case of fig. 4, which is a form of the crossing bodice, however, the arm-hole is properly placed just at the joint. But in figs. 3 and 6, there should be no such seam; the sleeve ought to be cut from the throat. The old *sacque*, of the seventeenth century, was a very perfect pattern, as far as patterns go. The sleeve, whether tight or full, was put into the neck. The seam under the arm united with the pocket-hole, at the lower end of which an extra breadth was gathered in, necessary to admit of the sweep of the train; the seam of the back giving the graceful line of the natural waist and hip, was concealed by the long folds of the *sacque*; while the line of the side of the neck, which was usually square, swept straight down to the ground, revealing the under vest or jacket and petticoat (both perfectly legitimate forms and distinct from each other). When a change of fashion brought the dress together on the bosom, with no under-jacket, the neck was cut as in fig. 10, a very natural and honest form. There is a portrait of Madame de Pompadour, by Ch. Coypel, in a dress of this pattern.

In all cases the seams of garments should follow and recognise the natural lines of the body. A seam reaching the throat or one surmounting the shoulder-joint, is a more natural and proper form than one cutting across the arm, and should be used in all close bodices where the eye is meant to take in a smooth outline without a break. In bodices less simple in construction, and where the sleeve rises into puffs or other capricious forms, the seam may be at the joint, or, in fact, anywhere where it is least obtrusive.

VI.—SLEEVES.

Let me instance a few natural forms and honest effects in sleeves.

In sleeves there have been so many forms that are good, it sometimes seems impossible to believe that they have all died out. In the dressmakers' book of "Modes" it is wearisome to see the very

small number of forms—and those chiefly bad—on which the milliners ring the changes year after year.

The plain coat-sleeve, so fashionable some years ago, was inoffensive, but a straight sleeve tight to the arm is a better form; for the bulge at the elbow was unnatural. And in the tight sleeve there is generally the fault that seems inseparable from the necks of high dresses—the sudden stoppage just at the wrist joint. This is sometimes remedied by a frill spreading downwards (which recalls the fig. 8 sleeve) or spreading upwards (which suggests a sleeve turned up with a cuff), both proper and beautiful forms—only the reality is better than a suggestion.

Now a sleeve such as fig. 8 is a much more graceful and artistic form than fig. 10, and this is what I alluded to in speaking of gloves and boots, a page or so back. The one suggests a termination, a sudden cutting off, a separation: the other is a higher conception—the artist's mind has gone a little beyond the need—the line swerves out as a flower spreads, with a little thought to spare, and holds the hand like a flower's cup. It gives the impression of greater handicraft and swifter thought, and it is by far the most natural, as the curve that sweeps out from the wrist recalls Nature's own curve in the hand beneath. It has also other merits. It is useful; shading the delicate whiteness of the hand from the sun in summer, and in winter giving a comfortable warmth to the wrist. These may have been considerations which gave the sleeve its popularity at a time when in summer women lived much more in the open air than now they do, and in winter were less protected from the cold, owing to the absence of doors. The flap that covers the hand is not nearly as inconvenient as might be supposed, from the facility with which it can be turned up.

Some such close sleeve, surmounted by another, broader, and reaching only to the elbow, is often very picturesque, and is an honest form, personifying a short-sleeved tunic over a close under garment.

The ordinary white sleeve of a bishop is a very fine and eminently natural pattern. A straight piece of muslin of the required width, simply tied in at the wrist with a riband, at once makes the bishop's sleeve. It is the frill at the wrist which constitutes its chief beauty, and which is a primitive form.

A very beautiful sleeve, perfectly good in construction, was worn in the time of the Stuarts, with different modifications. It is sketched in fig. 8. The upper part was probably derived from that identical broad short sleeve so long in vogue, which we have spoken of above. The sleeve worn beneath it constantly varied, and probably often bore a cuff as deep as that which constitutes the lower half in fig. 8. This cuff it would be perfectly legitimate to tie up with ribands to the upper sleeve, in order to display a pretty

wrist, thus forming, not, indeed, the primitive sleeve, but a most beautiful form that had grown out of the primitive sleeve, admitting of almost any amount of decoration.

The antique sleeve sketched in fig. 9, is another instance of natural form. The puffs, whether sewn on or breaking through slits in the form of slashes, are in the natural place—at the joints where roominess is so essential to comfort. Some persons may be reminded by it of gouty joints it is true; but, nevertheless, there is scarcely any sleeve that has been so frequently immortalised by painters as a beautiful one. A full sleeve bound close to the arm between the joints gives the same form.

Slashes are at all times, when neatly arranged, a most beautiful kind of decoration, and in the olden time, when they were most fashionable, they were always placed with a careful regard to the action of the muscles. Thus slashes were placed upon the shoulder and elbow joints, the breasts, the edges of a flattened cap, the knees, the fronts of shoes, &c., in almost all cases the slits were cut just as any abandoned devotee of comfort would naturally cut them who was inconvenienced by tight clothes. Moreover, the slit afforded a good opportunity for the most brilliant or delicate combination of colour, dull green breaking through crimson, white through black, deep blue parting to reveal a glimpse of amber; again, a natural form, an under garment (whether sock or shirt), visible beneath an outer one.

There is a period of decadence, nevertheless, to every fashion, however good, and the decadence of slashes was when the entire dress was covered with tiny slits in lines or diamond patterns, when they only lent a ragged appearance to the dress. But it is our part here to remember only the noble forms, and to forget their decay and corruption. Yet what an idealization of rags! what splendid tatterdemalions were those slashed chevaliers and goodly dames! Even at that extravagant pitch, one can imagine that there was a certain shimmering beauty of effect in a close doublet, peppered with slashes of some good contrasting colour, the movements of the body alternately revealing and concealing the minute slits. We have no effects as ingenious now-a-days. The careful, conscientious skill of workmanship put into a garment then, quite apart from the thoughtful designs, would bring a modern tailor to great honour, or beggary, in a very short time.

Many of the variations of hanging sleeves, at times carried to such extravagant extremes in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, were, nevertheless, very beautiful. The strange fashion of wearing one sleeve small whilst the other trailed on the ground was not more ridiculous than fifty things we have admired within the last half century. The difference between the two sleeves was originally a picturesque idea, and one which artists such as Sir Joshua Reynolds

and Sir Thomas Lawrence, have hinted at from time to time. In many of these pictures one may find a noticeable difference in one sleeve from the other (only, however, in women's portraits). And when the long sleeve outgrew due proportion to so great a degree that it had to be held up by an attendant, and was so costly as to draw on it satirical complaints that—

“Because pride hath sleeves, the land is without alms,”

it in reality ceased to be any longer a mere sleeve, and became such an ornament as a scarf or mantle, being thrown over the shoulder in the same way (and very gracefully) while the popular practice of utilising space did not fail to pack it with pockets.

Perhaps the two most objectionable (though for different reasons) forms of sleeve ever seen were the huge flaps worn in the time of Henry VII.—sleeves that did not belong to the dress, but were put on and taken off at pleasure like the columbine's wings, and the tight case to the elbow worn by the Imitation Greeks, which recalled nothing but the tucked-up gown of the kitchen maid. Yet in point of dishonesty neither was worse than the “Dolly Varden” sleeve now worn—a *coat-sleeve* (!) with a meaningless frill sewn at the elbow; or a muslin sleeve with lumps of satin tacked on outside half-way down—a vague degradation of slashes; or a sleeve that looks as though it opened in front and were laced up, when the “opening” is only suggested by a strip of trimming, and the “lacing” is sewn on. Not worse, nor as bad. For the false sleeves hooked on outside deceived no one, and were indeed only a kind of mantle in two halves; while the close case was rather an absence of sleeve, and pretended to be, as it was, nothing. Both were bad, but not dishonest.

VII.—SKIRTS.

It must be apparent to everyone that a long skirt has advantages over a short one in point of grace, dignity and improvement to the figure, while the short skirt has the advantage in point of convenience. A skirt may, however, be too long for grace, like the voluminous petticoat that Van Eyck painted; and it may be also so brief as to be no longer convenient, like the ungainly dress of the ballet-dancer. And here by force of contrast we may perceive how the long folds of a train increase height and soften the movements of the figure by noticing the generally short, tubby appearance of even the most delicate figure in the shameful ballet-dress, and the “chopping” run of even the most finished dancer the moment she comes down on both feet. Certain peculiarities of the form which

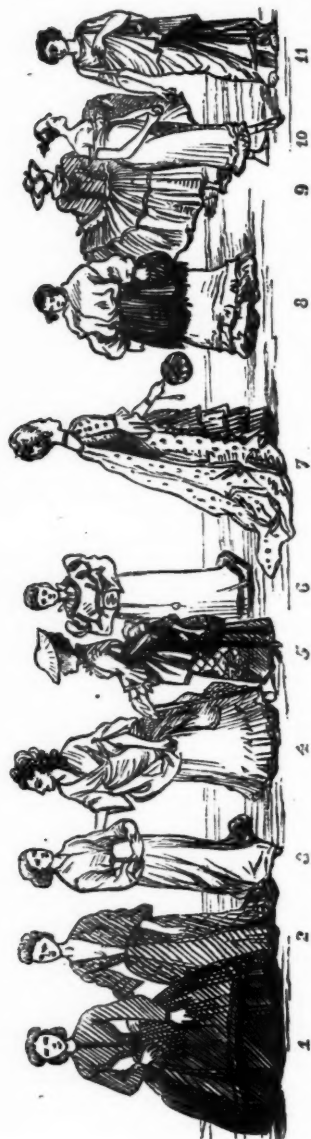


cannot be in the least exaggerated without corresponding loss in

grace, are in this curious costume exaggerated to the extent of deformity, and everyone knows how the dress decreases stature. This is the more to be deplored as the ballet *might* be made one of the most graceful and poetic exhibitions of female beauty and artistic fancy. The harlequin, on the other hand, in spite of his colours, is seldom in his wildest antics ungraceful, because there is nothing in his dress that tends to vulgarise or debase the perfect proportions of a well-trained body.

The ornaments of a skirt must always be considered with reference to the position they are to occupy; these are, however, too numerous to permit of more than a slight mention here. Fringes and all such edgings, should be placed only upon edges, and never introduced in the centre of a breadth, or used as braids, bands, and insertions. Frills, therefore, should never be used to indicate a pretended second skirt when they do not really belong to one. Bows are inappropriate except where the dress is really caught up and tied.

The most villanous trimming we ever saw upon a skirt was one which is indicated in fig. 1. Velvet bands running around in four slight curves, exactly to give the appearance of a cubic rather than a circular form to the person. Now, unless a dress be worn over a crinoline of a square form, no folds could possibly hang squarely; but the last excess of weary fancy was probably reached in this artificial trimming.



I must leave it to the intelligent student of the proprieties and consistencies of dress to observe and decide between the merits and demerits of the thousand and one other forms of sleeve and bodice that space forbids us to enlarge upon here. When one has once begun to apply to costume the principles whose presence or absence is instantly detected in any other department of art, it is easy to see where there is a falling short or a contradiction, or a manifest impossibility.

We must now go on to some other parts of apparel not less important, though perhaps less conspicuous. Meanwhile, here are a few distinguishing marks of dresses worn now or very recently, exhibiting some of the best and worst qualities that can belong to a costume :—

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1. The Wine-glass or Pincushion style. | 6. The Mediæval. |
| 2. The Open-hearted style. | 7. The Watteau. |
| 3. The Sans façon. | 8. The Rag-bag. |
| 4. The Cross-over. | 9. The Donkey with Panniers. |
| 5. The Tuck-up (Polonaise). | 10. The Imitation Greek. |
| | 11. The Real Greek. |

VIII.—OUR POOR FEET.

Our feet play no insignificant part in our personal appearance and in our quarter's allowance ; and everybody who leads an active life knows how all important is perfect comfort in this particular. Yet there is no portion of our bodies so branded for our sins as our poor feet. "How are our poor feet ?" How indeed ! So renowned are these members for vicarious suffering, that in this one matter the populace and the better classes are at one—there is common feeling for common suffering, and whatever the suffering be, whether the chilblains and frost-nips of cold, or the sickening discomfort of tight boots, everyone has had his turn, and been more or less at the mercy of the street Arab with his insolent inquiry.

What are we to do with our poor feet ?

Well, the Watteau shoe, with its slender heel and buckles, is very pretty ; it raises the instep and makes the foot look small. The long taper shoe worn at the end of the fifteenth century was not without merits ; the extreme and narrow length made the foot appear slender, apparently the greatest modern desideratum, as seen—as *felt*—in our pinched toes ; and the longer the toes could be made the more aristocratic must appear the foot, so they stuffed their serpent length with hay, to the imminent peril of everybody's life. There is a well-known French proverb still vulgarly applied to a wealthy person, "Il a du foin dans ses bottes." The exquisitely decorated shoe of an earlier date, such as Chaucer's priest wore, "Paules windows corven on his shoes," cannot be too much admired and regretted by us who never see gold or jeweller's work on our "bottines." But the Watteau shoe brings corns, and the Plantagenet shoe was horribly inconvenient ; and there is something better than all these. Would that

women who care for their own beauty, if not for their own comfort, would that girls before their pretty feet are irremediably spoilt, would make a stand in the face of fashion, that bugbear of the sex, and institute a new era !

IX.—SANDALS.

When we saw "Pygmalion and Galatea" recently performed, we were struck with a peculiar movement in the actors' feet which for a time, sitting afar off, we did not understand. With every step, with every turn of the ankle, a kind of delicate ripple passed over the instep as a thrill runs through a corn-field sometimes under a tender wind ; we were surprised to see how beautiful the movements were, how graceful were the lines from the ankle in every position. Presently we discovered that the beauty and the grace were due to the absence of shoes. On inspection, the feet of the ladies were not particularly small, yet they were better than the smallest concealed in boots ; there was scarcely a position in which they did not appear lovely.

The actresses were in fact thinly stockinged, with sandals beneath the feet, an embroidered strap coming between the two first toes across the instep after the old Roman fashion. We have often thought, considering how much we lose by shoes and how very little we gain, that it is a thousand pities women do not bring in sandals—not the foolish ribanded pumps of the last century, but the real Greek sandal. Without the hard and deforming shoe, every muscle of the foot is in motion and visible at every step ; it is quite wonderful how pretty the feet appear even when not very small. In reality we lose nearly as much by the shoe as the face loses by a mask ; how much, we could easily see by covering the hands with patent leather or lined French kid, and then expecting them to entrance the spectator. We *never* see a woman's foot, we only see its leathern case, which is about as much a part or an expresser of her foot as a violin case is of a fine violin ; and if women only knew the fascinations of a neat and delicate foot, whose outlines have not been impaired by corns, nor whose bones by generations of deformity, no shoe would be worn again for ever.

But the truth is, just as the pace of an army must be regulated by the slowest man in it, so the beauties of the community must be disguised according to the plainness of the plainest member. A deformed foot is hidden by a shoe, so all the pretty feet must be hidden in shoes. An imperfect figure is disguised by a hoop or a bustle, so all the sylphs must be huddled into hoops and bustles. And, probably, if any graceful little sylph refused to be disguised she would be called "vain," "shameless," and other pretty names.

Every artist knows that any foot that has ever worn a shoe is deformed. The great toe is bent in towards the rest of the toes, instead of being boldly parted. The other toes are crushed and

shortened. How seldom in real life does one find the second toe longer than the great one, its *natural* length! If an artist wishes to make studies of a beautiful foot, does he choose out the smallest-footed lady of his acquaintance, and copy those "little mice" of hers? No, he ignores the whole race of French and English women. He goes off to the East, or to the fish-women on the shores of Italy, who have never worn a shoe; there he studies the free, practised muscles, the firm steps, the ineffably graceful movements. One may see in the pictures of Mr. Leighton, who has made a special study of feet, what feet ought to be.

What do we lose by the shoe? Form, firmness of tread, charm of appearance; and what have we gained by the shoe? Perhaps cleanliness, and a certain amount of protection for the foot against cold, wet, and friction: this in the case of men at least. Before shoes, people existed well enough without them, though there were still fragile ankles and tender toes. Stockings would be as useful as shoes, if the great toe were separated from the rest, and the sole protected by a sole of leather, wood, or any other material, which while being in itself twice as serviceable as our "paper soles," could be padded with silk, inlaid with ivory, or coloured in any way, at once more beautiful and more useful. The straps might also be ornamented. Where warmth was needed, the stocking, of kid, indiarubber, worsted, or even velvet, would be quite as warm and serviceable as ordinary ladies' boots. The only difference would lie in their shape, and the absence of corns; and what a dangerous arrow might be added to our quiver of charms!

As it is, our want of appreciation of the real beauty of the body, or our ignorance of how to make the best use of our materials, reconciles us to all kinds of foot diseases, and dis-ease, little behind the proverbial Chinese victim to fashion; and if our sufferings have caused the medical profession to advance with rapid strides from the leech of old, we may just hint that prevention is as good as, if not better than, cure.

There is only one kind of shoe—which I may just name, *en passant*—that is of a proper and sensible form. It is that wide-ending shoe worn in the time of Henry VIII., in whose capacious front the toes might spread and be at ease. But its ugliness will probably hinder its re-institution, and nothing really equals the sandal.

X.—CLOGS AND PATTEENS.

While we are on the subject of footgear, and in anticipation of an English winter, a few words on *clogs* or *pattens* will not be inappropriate. When a day's rain has filled our roads with mud, and a hundred feet have covered the pavement with a monotint that beats all the browns of the old masters, what becomes of all our æsthetics? One would have thought that so many generations of rain and bad

weather would have taught the English how to combine convenience with attractiveness, even under the greatest skyey disadvantages. But alas! on a wet day no one looks well. The lovely beings of whom England is justly proud are transformed into frights by a few hours' pelting downright "cats and dogs" rain and a little yellow fog. Those who are brave enough to venture out prepared for the worst, present a depressing spectacle to a lover of the beautiful. There is a general smashedness of head-gear and vagueness of outline as to feet which ten centuries have not taught us to provide against. What can one expect when the "little mice" are covered up in goloshes? ah, woe be to the man who invented that gutta-percha penance; why did he not elevate the gentle sex on pattens? Now a patten is not an ugly thing in itself, and it has the prestige of antiquity. Our countrywomen in the last generation plodded through miry fields on "clogs" of a very unpicturesque description, eminently worthy of the name, with an uncomfortable ring of iron beneath the foot; but this clog was not older than Anne's reign. A far better clog was the early wooden one, of which we see many representations in the mediæval MSS., and which is very clearly represented in a picture by John Van Eyck in the National Gallery, a clog that was made in the form of the shoe then worn, with two props beneath it, that effectually preserved the decorated boots from injury in the ill-cared for streets. Again, some of the old Italian pattens, tall, slender, light, formed of costly wood, or inlaid with delicate mother o' pearl or ivory, prove that even a clog can be idealised and made a becoming as well as a useful protection. Little feet were not concealed then, when roads were heavy with mud, nor soiled with wet; they were lightly lifted above it; indeed, a world of chivalrous thought and appreciation divides the two periods. Then, glittering props like the wings of Mercury upheld the dainty passenger, now, her feet and her petticoat-tails may be drenched with mire; then it was a delight to see the fairy slippers unharmed, though the street might be a torrent of mud; now they must not only descend into the depths, but in addition be swelled to unnatural proportions by the hideous golosh, and be ugly as well as dirty. Oh, will not some fair lady who has pretty feet make a pilgrimage through the park in a neat little pair of pattens, and teach her timid sisters how to avoid the annual ordeal of mire?

XI.—CAPS, TURBANS, VEILS, AND FLOWERS.

Caps.—There are many caps which are not only appropriate ornament for the head, but which are actually required by the rest of the dress. I would not instance the ordinary flat plaister of net that servants wear as a beautiful ornament; and yet, when the dress is voluminous, and the whole person covered, anything upon the head is better than nothing, as it carries out the rest of the costume.

When the rest of the body is only slightly covered, or the dress is very plain and close, the head may well be content with its natural covering, hair; but often a head-dress, however small, adds an appropriate finish to the toilette. The Watteau morning dress is naturally incomplete without the natty little cap to surmount it; the Watteau evening dress is generally spoilt by the want of powder, which not only was indispensable to the antique costume, but denotes that at least as much labour has been given to the head as to the rest of the body.

Turbans.—There are many turbans which might be quoted as beautiful artistically. But there are almost as many that are ridiculous. The turban that crowns the head of Guido's Beatrice is a very graceful and picturesque one; the turban fashionable among ladies in the middle ages was a debased imitation. The one is formed by a natural coil of folds about the head, containing their own hundred and one delicate lights and darks, bold curves and splendid shadows. How beautiful is almost every material when crumpled up! The other is a stuffed cushion formed like a wreath—as one might paint old father Christmas crowned with a sausage—through whose aperture the hair falls down in a shapeless tail, while all the softening influence of the hair and the grays and half tints which it lends are taken from the face. This ridiculous turban is very clearly represented in the panels of the shrine of St. Jean at Bruges, where there are ladies with and without it, their long hair tied close to the head and hanging down, a fashion which could not have had even convenience to recommend it. For either coolness or warmth, such a head-dress is equally useless; not so the other,—Guido's turban would shelter the head from the sun, or protect it from the winter blast.

Veils.—There is scarcely any veil of anything like a simple form, that is not beyond all things graceful and becoming, whatever be its colour or material. We are wrong: there have been two degraded forms of veil which we must condemn, whilst testifying to the extreme ingenuity of women in spoiling what is good. One is the veil that was extended like a vallance hung out to dry, upon wires, about the time when the ox-horns came into fashion,—in the fifteenth century. There are many paintings and drawings of this hopelessly foolish apparatus. All the hair was hidden by the embroidered caul or skull cap; and the ears likewise by what are not unlike inlaid boxes, sticking out on either side. The two long wires above them spread out the veil,—too wide to admit of entrance through a narrow doorway,—too short to shelter neck or face,—too thin quite to take the place of an umbrella. The other objectionable veil is the little scrap of cheap net, in the shape of a half-moon, that modern women have but just cast by, and which binds the nose flat to the face, and ruins the eyelashes. What it was ever adopted for we do

not know. Not for warmth, as the mouth and nose were exposed ; while a mask is more sensible than this, if disguise be needed, for a mask does not injure the eyes or lashes, nor spoil the outline of the nose.

We have before spoken of the merits of the elegant Milanese veil, which can be made to answer every purpose needed in a head-dress, and fulfils every quality loved by an artist. Long loose veils, too, are exquisitely beautiful. Quentin Matsys' pictures show us veils of green or peach-coloured gauzes, worn sometimes on the natural hair, sometimes over curiously embroidered head-dresses and turbans. They fall in long, smooth, and exquisitely-tinted folds, half revealing, half concealing,—half alluring, half repelling. It needs no comment to see which is the best of these two veils—the wired canopy, or the simple form out of which it grew.

Flowers.—Why are artificial flowers so unworthy an ornament for the head ? For two reasons. One is, because when the real thing is to be had, only ignorance and absolute tastelessness can be content with a bad copy of it. And another is, because the beauty of real flowers consists more in their texture and their colour than even their form. In artificial flowers we often come near enough to the general form, but the colour—in itself matchless, and made more wondrous by the refraction of light on myriads of little cells and breathing pores, giving sometimes the appearance of sparkling—is never right,—nearest in wax,—but the texture is always bad. The milliners' bouquet, though far better in manufacture than that of twenty years ago, is often full of mistakes. A milliner will mix corn-bottles and cowslips, the roses of June with the primrose of April, and she almost always adorns a flower with the wrong leaves. Now the leaves of a flower are as much a part of the flower as the hand or the hair is an inseparable part of a person. People have condemned Sir Thomas Lawrence for occasionally substituting, in his portraits, hands or feet more elegant than those of his sitters. Well, to strip a flower of its natural leaves is worse than what Sir Thomas Lawrence did. It is as bad as shaving the black hair from a woman to make room for a yellow wig ! A lady once said to me, "I met a man to-day whose appearance struck me so much that for some time I could not take my attention off him. There was something about him that looked remarkably wrong and incongruous. At last a light broke upon me ! This man possessed that peculiar complexion that belongs only to red hair ; but his red hair he had dyed as black as night ! and the impossible combination was quite ludicrous." That is just what the milliner does when she thinks that fern-leaves "look lighter" for a rose than its own broad substantial sprays, or the leaves of a water-lily "more handsome" for snow-drops. And we may always notice, in a wreath of artificial flowers, however good, that the leaves are never near the original in colour,

even when the blossom is : the whole thing is like a picture by a bad artist, who has taken pains with the face, but left the hands dead-coloured, out of drawing, and "scamped." And in addition, the sprays are frequently made to bend according to cockney taste, as they never could possibly bend in nature. Stalks that are succulent and brittle like the daffodil or geranium, may be seen elegantly "twisted," or ending in a spiral, screwed over a pencil-end by the intelligent shopwoman,—like a tendril ! We have ourselves bought daisies and primroses with tendrils springing out of them !

And after these mutilations and vagaries of the "ignoble grotesque," ladies think real flowers less handsome and less stately than their wretched muslin counterparts !

Of course, the excuse will be that in a hot room real flowers tumble to pieces. The answer is—Not if you choose the right ones. Camellias, rose-buds, seringas, orchids, and many thick and succulent kinds of green-house flowers, will last out a day and night, sometimes several, especially when judiciously wired. But even if a leaf or petal fall, half a real flower is better than a whole sham.

CONCLUSION.

Although I have been dealing with the moralities of dress, I have not said a word about extravagance. That is a most important subject, no doubt, and one which everybody is bound to settle for herself. But the whole *morality* of luxury is quite a separate branch, and must be separately discussed.

Ladies are accused of spending too much on their dress : my point is, that whether they spend little or much, they may lay their money out on right—or wrong—artistic principles. A woman who understands and knows how to apply a few general principles, such as I have tried to point out, may often spend half as much as her friend who gives herself over to her dressmaker and empties her purse by exhausting the last fashion book.

We are told again that ladies think too much about dress : I should say they think too little, or rather they don't think at all. If they *thought* a little more about dress, they would waste less time, and probably spend less money, but the result would be grace, harmony, and expressiveness, instead of those astonishing combinations which rob the fairest women of half their charms, and expose ruthlessly the weak points of their less favoured sisters. But as, in spite of Quakers and philosophers, women are likely to spend money and time over their dress to the end of the chapter, the sternest censor may well unite with us in hoping that not the girl of the period, but the woman of the future, will produce greater results, waste less time, whilst bestowing more thought upon the beauty and the propriety of her dress.

M. E. HAWES.

THE YORKSHIREMAN AND THE IRISH GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IF I WERE DICTATOR."

It was in the old coaching-days, and, having taken an outside seat on the mail from York to Doncaster, I had fallen into conversation with my neighbour, a tall, stout, florid man, with a great good-humoured face and a very bright twinkle in his eye. From what he said, there was little difficulty in guessing him to be a farmer somewhere near Doncaster, and, if his shrewdness in talk was any test of his business-powers, certainly a successful one. By and by our chat happened to turn on ghosts.

"Ah, sir, and so you don't believe in ghosts?" said my companion, laughing, and with his eye twinkling humorously; "well, but what do you say to a man like myself, that has seen and talked with one? Come, now, we shall be together for an hour yet; so if you like, I'll tell you the story."

I was only too glad to have the monotony of my journey relieved. Accordingly he began.

"I am a Yorkshireman born and bred, sir, and I've always lived in this county, and I think I always shall, for I'm a bit proud of it. Well, when I was about thirty, I began to find that the old farm where my father lived was too little for both of us, after I had got a wife and some children of my own; so I determined to set up on my own account if I could get another farm pretty cheap. My father promised to stock it for me, as in fact was only right, for he was a man well-to-do. After some time, I heard of five hundred acres or so that were to be let a few miles north of Doncaster, and I went over to see them. Considering the quality, the land seemed to be dirt cheap, and, thinking I was in for a good thing, I called at once on the agent.

"'Yes, that is the price,' he said; 'very cheap, I think. In fact, you would not get it at nearly that, only there is a silly story about the house belonging to the land being haunted, and—it is no use not telling you, for you will hear it at the first inn you go to—nobody will live in it. I wanted Mr. Robinson, the owner, to build another; it would be well worth his while: but he is an old man, with only a life interest in the property, so he is for all he can get out of the land without much outlay. Many people have been after the farm, but they could not live on it without a house, and were all afraid of the present one. I hope you are not afraid of a ghost or two; Mr. Crabtree?'—John Crabtree is my name, sir.

" 'Oh, I'm pretty much like other people in that way,' I answered, not wishing to seem too eager, for fear he raised the price. 'But I'll think the thing over, sir; and perhaps you'll give me the refusal.'

"By the time I had been gone from his door five minutes I had made up my mind what to do. Here was a chance such as I might never have again, and it seemed absurd to throw it away for a cock-and-bull story of a ghost; but then I didn't know about such things, and there might be a thousand ghosts in Yorkshire for anything I could tell. It would never do to take the land if there was only such a house with it as one could not live in. I determined therefore to settle about the house first, by going there that very night and seeing for myself.

"Grimstead House—that's the name—was a mile and a half out of the village, and I thought it best to have a right good dinner at the inn before I went up to it, because a man has always a better heart when he has something on his stomach. When I had done, 'And now, waiter,' said I, 'let us have a couple of bottles of your best whiskey in case of accident. I am going up to Grimstead House to sleep.'

"He was a thin little chap, and he stared at me a bit as if to see whether I were in earnest. Then he replied, 'Well, you must be a bold man, that's all I can say; but perhaps you don't know the stories about the house?'

" 'No, I should like to hear them; but I am going all the same.'

"Then he told me that it was supposed an Irish pedlar had been murdered there, some twelve years before, by the farmer who then lived at the place, and who had a very bad character. This farmer had soon afterwards gone abroad with all his family—frightened away, people said—and then the house got a bad name. Strange things were seen and heard—rattling of chains, slamming of doors, and other noises no one could make out, while sometimes a figure in white, dreadfully like the poor murdered pedlar, was seen in the passages or rooms, and sometimes there was a skeleton walking about. However, whether these things were true or not, none of the tenants afterwards had ever stayed in the house above a few weeks, and at last the owner had been obliged to let the land separate at a very low rent to a great farmer in the neighbourhood, while Grimstead House was allowed to remain empty and go to ruin. The last person who lived in it was an old blind woman who had died there two or three years before, and, if I was really determined to stop the night in the house, the waiter thought I should find a few of her things there. They had never been fetched away, as they were worth scarcely anything, and nobody knew whom they belonged to. According to the waiter, the blind woman 'walked' as well as the pedlar.

" 'I shall want you to go with me and fit things up a bit,' I said,

when he had done. 'If one is to see these ghosts, one might as well see them comfortably as not, you know.'

"At first he said he wouldn't; but when I told him I only wanted him to help me to get some wood and set a fire a-going, and then he might come back as soon as he liked, while I would give him five shillings if he did this and held his tongue about it, he agreed to go, bargaining however that we should start at once that he might get into the road again before it was dark.

"So off we went, carrying my bottles of whiskey, a couple of tumblers for fear one was broken, and also a 'Racing Calendar,' the only book he could get for me at the inn. However, I thought I should get through the night very well with these, for like all Yorkshiremen I'm a bit interested in horses.

"The house was a rambling old place, gloomy enough at the best, and more so now with the damp and cobwebs and general go-to-ruin look it had got with not being lived in so long. We did not go over it all; but a big room upstairs, which he said the blind woman had used, seemed in the best repair, and I decided to stop in that. There was still her old truckle-bed at the farther side, besides a strong deal chair, a little table, and a rusted kettle, with a good many mouldy barrels in one corner. He brought a handful of dry straw for lighting from a stack we passed, and by breaking up one or two of the barrels we soon had a decent fire. Then we found an old washing-pot in the yard, which we pumped full of water and carried up to the room. After this, as it was getting dusk and he began to be fidgety, I gave him his five shillings and told him he might go.

"He was not long in making himself scarce, I can tell you. 'Well, sir,' were the last words he said, 'I wish you would go back with me yet; but as you won't, I hope you'll be none the worse for it in the morning.' Then I heard him go tramp, tramp, tramp, down the stairs, and, when he had slammed the front door to with noise enough to frighten half-a-dozen ghosts, set off running as hard as he could. And now I was left alone till morning, without a soul within a mile of me—or if there were souls, at any rate there were no living bodies.

"When he was fairly away, I thought it as well to go down and fasten the front door after him, which I did with difficulty, for the lock and bolts were all rust. Then I came back, pulled up the table and chair to the fire, and filled the old kettle. Next I broke up some more of the barrels and put the bits near the grate to dry, mixed myself a glass of hot whiskey and water, lighted one of the candles I had brought with me, and, opening my 'Calendar,' lit my pipe and made myself as comfortable as I could.

"The nights closed in early then—it was January—so I was likely to have a good long sit of it before morning. However, I got on pretty well for some hours. Sometimes I read, and when I did not

find my book as interesting as it might have been, I sat looking into the fire and thinking, over my pipe, how pleasant it would be to have the children and Ann (that's my dame) on the other side of the fireplace in a house of our own. Sometimes I think I dozed off a bit, and when I got tired of all this, I went to the window and opened it to see what kind of a night it was. Well, it was wild enough—wind and deep snow, so that you could only see a few yards. Many queer noises I heard, too ; it is only when you have tried stopping in an uninhabited house on a stormy night like that, that you can believe what strange sounds there can be.

"But I was not very 'skeary,' and, setting all these noises down to the wind, got on pretty comfortably till near twelve o'clock, when I was well on, I remember, in my fourth tumbler. I had just been looking at my watch and was congratulating myself that half the night was gone, when I heard a sound quite different from all the rest. It was as if a door in a distant part of the house was slammed to with such violence as to shake every wall of the crazy building and ring through every part of it. At the same time my own door was blown open to the very back, while a low moan of pain seemed to be uttered close to my ear. I started up and looked round, while my little Skye terrier, which had been quiet enough hitherto, also jumped up and, stretching out its neck towards the open door, gave a long and extraordinary howl, keeping its tail between its legs ; then it rushed into a dark corner behind the barrels and lay there trembling.

" 'The ghost is coming now and no mistake,' I said to myself ; 'but I'll see what he's like.' So snatching up the candle and a thick knob-stick, which was the only weapon I had, I went out of the room in the direction of the sound. I will not say that I was not considerably 'creepy,' but the whiskey helped to keep up my courage. I called to Dicky to follow me, but for once Dicky was deaf and stopped behind his barrels.

"I saw nothing till I got nearly to the top of the stairs leading to the ground floor ; then in the opposite passage, which was very wide and dark, I saw something looking like a dirty-white cloud that half filled the passage. It did not look like substance, yet it was *something*, and that something plaguily like a man, only, where the head should have been, there was an awful round bit of what looked like solid midnight.

"I was struck still, I can tell you : for I saw the thing was floating gently forward towards the top of the stairs where I was standing, yet I could not hear the slightest sound of a step. My hair stood on end with fright, and my candle seemed to burn blue, as the ghost came gradually out of the darkness. The strange thing was that, however much I looked, I could not make out any definite form or features, but yet that the whole was so much like a man. It did

not seem to notice me, and apparently would have turned down the front stairs quietly. But I was determined to know what it was, and so, as it passed, I thrust my knob-stick out at it. The stick went right through, just as it would have gone through mist, but the ghost took no notice still and disappeared down the stairs, leaving me in a nice state of fright, as you may think—being quite certain now that it was a ghost.

"I think I should have bolted out of the house then and there, only unluckily the way out was just the way the ghost had gone; so I rushed back into my room and latched the door again, there being no lock. There I sat, finishing my glass, and cursing my stars for having thrust me on such a business. I could not but hope however that, if I kept quiet, the ghost would not come to see me, and I had had quite enough of going to see the ghost.

"But the ghost, it seemed, had no intention of letting me get off so, and by and by I heard another door bang, and then a sound as if some one were coming upstairs with a pair of wooden legs—pit, pat—only gentler. I hoped, with my heart in my mouth, that the thing would go back to its own quarters like a decent ghost, and I listened hard which way it turned when it got to the stairs-head. But, no! pit pat—louder and louder—it was coming straight towards my room, and presently my door seemed to fly open of itself, and in his lordship stalked, coming forward, pit pat, within a few yards of my chair, and then, standing right opposite, looking at me, and I looking at him, with my hair on end.

"This ghost was quite different from the other; for though it was dressed, as it were, in a whitish cloud, I could plainly see a skeleton with the ribs, arms, and long thigh-bones below, while on the top was a ghastly skull, with its white teeth grinning horribly, and pitch darkness in its eyeballs, though every now and then there was a glisk of something in them, as if there was a black diamond glittering at the bottom of the pits. Well, there he stood and I sat, quite still for at least ten minutes, staring at each other.

"At last, beginning to think this very funny, as he never tried to meddle with me, I reached out my hand to the glass and took a rattling good swig. Then a little emboldened, after clearing out my throat, which was a bit husky, as you may suppose, I said to him, 'Won't you sit down, sir? It's as cheap sitting as standing,' and I pointed to one of the barrels.

"'Shure, an' ye might have asked me before, ye ill-natured gossoun,' he said, in a thin, hollow sort of voice, that was very queer, especially when joined with a touch of the brogue. 'Ye knew I couldn't speak till ye spoke to me, and one's legs git tired enough standing all day minding the spit.'

"'Lord, now,' said I, a cold shudder running through me as he sat down on the barrel, which was away from the fire and not far from

the table, so that he still faced me; 'Lord, now, and what's the spit?'

"Don't you be over-curious, now, Johnny Crabtree," says he. 'But the spit's what we roast and baste the poor bad devils on—hot work it is, and no mistake.'

"Murder, this is awful," I said to myself, 'sitting hob-nob with a ghost in this way.' And then I wondered how he knew my name; but as he seemed disposed to be friendly, I thought it best to try and keep in with him; so after a bit I said to him, 'Won't your honour come a bit nearer the fire? It's a mortal cold night.'

"Faix, an' that I won't," says he crossly; 'an' I don't call it could at all—just pleasant.' And this when there was an inch of ice on the ponds in the morning, all during the night!

"Well, we sat silent a while after this, and I drank and drank away to keep my courage up. I saw, however, that he watched the glass every time it went to my lips, and by and by he began edging his barrel a bit nearer the table, thinking I did not notice him. So a fellow-feeling began to make me guess what he would like.

"Come, come, sir," said I, 'you'd better have a drop of something comfortable, as you are here. It isn't bad whiskey, and I've got another glass in case of accidents; here you are,' pushing the empty glass and the bottle towards him.

"Well, an' ye might have invited me to that same before, Johnny Crabtree, if ye hadn't been an inhospitable fellow," he answered, more good-naturedly, while the black diamonds at the bottom of his eyes seemed to twinkle. 'Ye should always, when a gentleman comes to see you, offer him a drink first thing—it's only polite. And it does smell good, as you say. But it's forbidden—we are all teetotallers, down here.' And I caught a sound like the ghost of a sigh coming from him, while he edged his chair quite up to the table this time, and put his long, bony hand on it near the glass, as if by accident.

"Who's to tell?" said I, boldly, seeing he only wanted pressing. 'Teetotallers! Faith, if that's the game, I'd rather not go there.'

"No, it's dull, there's no denying," says he; then, after a pause, he went on, 'Well, Johnny, if ye're quite sure, now, ye won't tell—'

"Tell! Honour of a gentleman," said I.

"Well, then, I'll just take the weest drop in life with ye, Johnny, just that ye may say ye've had the honour of drinking a glass with Patrick O'Shammahoy.'

"That's right, Mr. O'Shammahoy; and now we'll be comfortable. Hot or cold?"

"Och, could for me, Johnny—well, after all, ye are a better fellow than I took ye for. Oh, thank ye, I'll mix for myself;" and I felt chilly again, as I watched his bony fingers clasp the bottle and lift it up. A pretty stiff glass he mixed himself, I can tell you; then he

lifted the glass to his lips, and I heard it clatter against his white teeth. He took a little sip first, and apparently liked it, for his eyes twinkled again, and he seemed as if he were trying to smack his lips, only he had none to smack. However, without putting the glass quite down, he lifted it again and bottomed it at a gulp.

"'Dad,' says he, as he pushed the empty glass along the table, 'but it's swate after niver tasting a blessed drop these twelve years.'

"'Dear me, now, is it as long as that?' said I.

"'Ay, that it is, Johnny,' says he, mixing himself another glass, without my asking him, this time. 'Och, but it was a dirty trick that Jimmy Carruthers played me, to run a knife into me—and we so thick before! Won't I roast him for it, when he comes?'

"'Serve him right, too, Mr. O'Shammahoy. Then, if I may take the liberty of asking, you are the pedlar that was murdered here some years ago for his pack?'

"'Mr. Crabtree, do ye mean to insult me?' he said, in a huff. 'Because ye'd better not, as ye know. I *am* the gentleman, sir, that was compelled by circumstances over which he had no control, to work for his living for a time; but my family, sir—bedad, pedlar! However, it is aisy to see, Johnny Crabtree, ye are of no particular family yerself—only one of the commonalty, as we say; so I excuse ye, as not understanding sich dilicate questions. Yis, I excuse you, sir—on that account alone,' pouring some more whiskey into his glass.

"I begged his pardon, assuring him I had meant no offence, and congratulating myself on my forethought in bringing two bottles instead of one.

"'Mighty cold walking it must be for you, Mr. O'Shammahoy, in a sheet, and a night like this,' I said, by way of changing the subject.

"'Why, as to being could, that's just the beauty of it, Johnny,' he answered. 'If ye saw the fires we keep below, ye'd wonder—ten million Barrow furnaces all roaring at once are nothing to 'em. And it's very exhausting being all day in the heat; so when we get out we always choose the coolest place we can find, and dress in our thinnest suit, too—in fact, some of us come out with nothing on at all, at all, just to get cool again.'

"'But you ought not to have the punishment of walking,' I said; 'it ought to be that scoundrel Carruthers.'

"'Ay, he's a dirty villain if ye like; but ye mistake the matter intirely, Johnny—as, indeed, it is likely ye would, being ignorant of the whole thing. It isn't a punishment to walk; it's a privilege—and the only one we poor ghosts get, though I say it that oughtn't to say it.'

"'But as you're so fond of the frost, I should have thought you'd prefer keeping out of doors, Mr. O'Shammahoy, instead of coming into a dirty tumble-down place like this—you that are no doubt used

to such a deal grander doings down there,' said I, beginning to think that, as he seemed so civil, I might persuade him to leave Grimstead.

"Well, there's something in what ye say, but ye see it's the ould place, and one must have a house somewhere, Johnny; not but what it is more fun out of doors, because one has more society and isn't so lonely, like. Barrin' yerself, Mr. Crabtree, I haven't had a bit of talk with anybody here these four years; but in the cross roads and near the churchyards, bless ye, them's the places for fun! To see the childer and ould women run away, howling as soon as they catch sight of a bit of one's skirt behind a tree, and then to follow 'em invisible and hear what tales they tell about one, oh, it's prime, Johnny, it is, indeed! You have a deal more courage than most folk to be sitting here and talking, my boy.'

"Why, it's your affability, Mr. O'Shammahoy, that puts one so at one's ease,' said I, edging in a bit of soft sawder, and passing the bottle. 'But that's always the case with you real gentlemen. However, I wonder, now, you don't stick to the roads, as you find them so much pleasanter than indoors?'

"What, ye want to keep me out of my own house, do ye?' he asked, suspiciously; 'but ye won't do it, Johnny Crabtree.'

"Well, come now,' I said, boldly, 'I've treated you well, Mr. O'Shammahoy, and one good turn deserves another. Promise me, now, there's a good fellow, that you won't walk again just here in the house. I want to take the farm.'

"Och, an' it's mighty little thanks ye give me, it seems to me, Mr. Crabtree, for the honour I do ye in coming to see you,' he cried in a passion. 'Do ye know, sir, I'm descended from the ould kings of Tipperary? We are all down yonder, and there I wouldn't be seen talking to an ill-bred calf like yerself for something.'

"Oh, for myself, Mr. O'Shammahoy, I assure you I should always be delighted to see you here, and proud I should be of the honour,' I answered; 'but you see, it's my wife and the children. I dare say you'd scarcely think so, but your appearance, you know—'

"And who says anything against my appearance, eh? I'm thought a very handsome ghost by better judges than you, Johnny,' and the vain Patrick actually took up the candle and went to a bit of looking-glass which was still hanging against the wall, where he stood admiring and primming himself up for a bit—tapping straight one or two of his teeth and adjusting a rib which was a little awry, till I could have laughed outright, only I durst not. 'I can see nothing much amiss, and I think ye have no taste, Johnny,' he continued, bringing the candle back and seating himself again.

"What can your honour expect,' I said, 'from a poor farmer lad? Still, I didn't mean to say your form isn't perfect, but just to hint, if I could do it without offence—that—that it is a little bit out of the common—unusual, and might disturb people, such as my children,

that were not accustomed to it; and I'm sure your politeness, and you a born gentleman, wouldn't let you do that.'

"'They disturb me,' he said sulkily, 'and it's no good yer asking such a thing, Johnny—I wonder at your presumption asking a gentleman to give up his own house, and I willn't do it.'

"'You Irish bone-bag! then I'll make you do it, or my brains are sheep suet,' I muttered between my teeth, seeing he was so stiff. Besides, hearing him talk so like a vain fool, I began to be less afraid of him; but I thought I must first get to understand all about him before I could do anything: so I began praising him up, very humbly you know, and getting him to brag about his exploits as a ghost, at which I laughed; and at last he told me how it was he had come to-night.

"'It was my night out, ye see, Johnny,' he said; 'so thinks I, I'll just take my poor ould bones out for an airing, and I was going for them when you ran against me at the stairs-head, you big spalpeen.'

"'Dear me, now,' said I, 'then you don't always walk about as—as you are now.'

"'Bless you, no: when one feels lively and wants to have a bit of a spree or to travel fast, one doesn't encumber oneself, ye know; but if one prefers a sort of—ahem!—stately promenade, raelly majestic, why then one takes one's bones with one.'

"'But are they your real bones, Mr. O'Shammahoy?' I asked him.

"'Shure, an' why not?—and a pretty to-do there would be if any of 'em were missing when I took 'em back. He's plaguy particular, is ould Hulloth—that's him that attends to the bone department.'

"'What, are they loose?' said I.

"'Loose! Faix, an' I should think so;—it requires a dale of skill to walk in 'em without tumbling to pieces intirely, and I may say not many ghosts can walk in their bones as illigantly as Patrick O'Shammahoy. Here now, just feel for yerself, Johnny,' and he made me put out my hand and touch them. It was for all the world, sir, like passing one's fingers through cold fog—that was the white part of him—but the bones were hard, just like any others, only fearfully cold, slimy, and black with mould; and then I knew that the pit-pat I had heard coming up-stairs was from his hard heels on the wood.

"'Well, after this we tapped the second bottle and a roaring night we made of it. We became as jolly together as sand-boys, and I got him on singing—not very spiritual songs, either—and then I sang, and we made a famous row, sir. But for all that I did not forget my purpose of getting quit of him for ever if I could, and so I drank as little as possible, myself, passing the bottle whenever he did not see me, which was often; for from never having tasted the 'cratur' for so long, he began to be a bit elevated. Seeing this I kept filling up his glass with whiskey instead of water, and he never noticed the difference, but drank away at the raw spirit as if it was half and

half. So that at last—as you might expect, sir—he dropped off dead asleep, and by and by rolled off his barrel on the floor, where he lay just like anybody else that had got a drop too much.

“When I saw this I knelt down and sliely slipped off his legs at the knee-joint, and then his right arm at the shoulder, for I thought he might be dangerous if I left that. I found them come off quite easily, for, as he said, they were all loose—only the nasty mouldy things made me shudder as I handled them. Then after thinking a minute how to stow them where he would not be likely to find them, I hid them all under one of the barrels.

“After he had lain about half an hour or so, I sitting watching him, a bit frightened as to what he would do when he awoke—all at once I heard a cock crow outside, and I saw him start up as if in a scare.

“‘Och, murther,’ he cried, ‘there’s the cock, and I shall be late again! Well Johnny, I must be off in a hurry, but the best of friends must part, and when ye git settled here I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you often’ (he grinned with all his white teeth): ‘we’ve had a jolly night, haven’t we? Blood and all the powers now, an’ what’s this?’ (raising himself to a sitting posture) ‘my legs have dropped off, somehow’—then he seemed to be looking about on the ground for them—‘och, the blazes, and my arm too. Now, Johnny, help me to find ‘em, there’s a good fellow—I shall catch it if I’m not back in a jiffy.’

“‘I help you, Paddy! Not if I know it,’ said I laughing.

“‘Och, ye ungrateful thief,—but just let me find ‘em, and then I’ll give you a dressing.’ So he kept looking about and groping with his left arm for them. ‘What, they aren’t here at all, at all—oh, ye treacherous Yorkshire tyke, and so ye’ve taken them, have ye? Ye’d better give them up instantly,’ and he looked dreadfully fierce, and tried to raise himself. I was a bit frightened when he got up on his stumps, but as soon as I saw he tumbled over again I began laughing.

“‘And so a Tipperary bog-trotter, like you, thought you would be a match for a Yorkshireman, did you, Paddy?’ said I, coolly sitting still and blowing out a long whiff.

“The cock crew again, and after trying once more to get up, he began whining: ‘Och, Johnny, for the love of heaven—my lave ‘ll be stopped for a year. Johnny’ (solemnly), ‘where are my bones?’”

“‘You must first swear you’ll never enter this house again, bones or no bones,’ said I, smoking on undisturbed.

“‘O ye heartless villain!—It ‘ud be the death of me, Johnny, to leave the ould place’ (whining): ‘how can ye ask such a thing of a poor ghost?’

“‘No bones till you swear, Paddy.’

“‘Well, thin—I’m all on a brown sweat with fright—O Johnny, have pity. Well thin, I swear.’

"So I made him swear by all the powers I could think of; then I got him his bones, which he clapped on in a great hurry and rushed out of the door, not forgetting however, as he sped past the table, to seize hold of the whiskey-bottle and fling it at my head as he vanished.

"I dodged the bottle and escaped, but somehow in backing to avoid it, I stumbled over the chair and hit my head against the floor, stunning myself, I think. At all events there I lay for hours, and when I woke up, it was broad day.

"I was very cold, for the fire was burnt out. For a few minutes I couldn't recollect where I was or what had happened, and only felt that I had a cracking headache; but the sight of the broken bottle on the floor brought the whole thing back to me.

"Well, sir, I trusted to Paddy's oath, and went and took the farm that day," continued the Yorkshireman with another of those humorous flashes of his eyes; "and I've lived in the house ever since, nor have we ever seen Mr. O'Shammahoy again or any of his great relatives. In fact, some of my sceptical friends, when I tell them the story, will have it that I never saw him at all, but got drunk with the whiskey, tumbled down, and dreamed the whole thing. But then, sir, I ask them how they get over the headache and the broken bottle. These were facts, and so, sir, I leave you to form your own judgment; but if you like to turn aside for a day or two with me, I can promise you some good rabbit-shooting, and the chance of seeing Patrick O'Shammahoy for yourself."

BEAUTY AND DUTY.

THE relation of the instincts of Idealism and Gregariousness to our Notions of Right and Wrong is the topic we postponed from a previous paper.* We will at present confine ourselves to the instincts which bring us into sensible contact with Beauty and Sublimity. These will furnish ample matter for, at the least, one essay.

It is no part of the plan before us to spend time over some of the various distinctions which, obvious as they are, we find constantly disregarded in considering the relations of Beauty itself and Right itself. But, in spite of the glibness with which the common triad of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, is constantly quoted, with the addition in some cases that the three are one, or even that the Beautiful includes the other two, we find (as I shall in a moment prove) direct self-contradiction upon these matters in quarters where it would be least looked for.

Part of the existing confusion arises from the dislike (coupled with certain incapacities) which most people have for abstractions. It is even thought rather fine to exhibit this dislike. But if the dislike is reasonable, we had better descend at once to the condition of savages such as the Algonquins, in whose language there was, it is said (I do not believe it), no word even for Love. Abstract terms are the necessary implements of reasoning, and it ill becomes writers of the standing of Professor Huxley and others to adopt the *ad captandum* trick of making game of the use of capitals to individualise and intensify to the eye the use of abstract terms like "the Infinite." Every thinking man of a certain degree of culture is perfectly aware that abstract terms are essential, and it is the sheer folly of one-sidedness to object to printing Infinity or the Infinite with a capital, when capitals are allowed to Force, Evolution, and other terms that cover just as many difficulties as the most abused of so-called transcendental words. It is, no doubt, often necessary to remind ourselves, in controversy, that abstractions are not entities, but this should be done in a proper manner, not with "one eye askew" at the mob of readers, who are only too ready, as it is, to put to ill uses all that sort of pandering. In saying this I beg no question whatever: for example, I do not assume, as against Professor Huxley or others, that an anti-theological bias is an "ill" bias,—I simply say that the device of, we will say, comparing the capital letter in the phrase *the Infinite*, to a soldier's bear-skin cap is an equivocal one, and is unfavourable to intellectual sincerity in the mind of the general reader. However, to pass on.

I said it could be shown that there was positive self-contradiction

* See *Saint Pauls* for November 1872.

(in these matters) to be found in the most unexpected quarters. Robertson of Brighton was a clear-headed man, and we must not lay stress, as against him or as affecting our estimate of him, upon any inconsistency which turns up in his Letters and other Remains. But, for all that, I must here beg the reader's attention to two passages, from the Memoir by the Rev. Stopford Brooke. At page 374 of the 1868 edition there is a noble letter by Robertson on the question of opening museums, &c., on Sundays. With his own policy on such questions, I heartily agree,—*i. e.*, I would not stir a finger to *unsundayfy* Sunday; but on the other hand I would oppose all legislative compulsion in the matter. So, it is from no partial feeling that my eyes are quickened in this case to note an example of self-contradiction. On page 375 of the volume before me is the following:—

“I cannot shut my eyes to the lesson of history—that *the arts*, such as painting, sculpture, music, *poetry*, have not in themselves ennobled but often *deteriorated* nations.”

The italics are mine. I now request the reader to turn to page 382 of the same book, Letter CXXVIII, where he will find the following:—

“You are quite right in your estimate of the comparative value of Lord Carlisle's and Mr. Drummond's letters. I told you in a former letter how I valued the latter as the only indication I have received of a sympathy which had penetrated into the motive of my *Lectures*. If I did not believe that *religion is poetry*, and that *all, or most poetry is the half-way house to religion*, inasmuch as the laws of both are the same, the opposites of both being *Science*, and the origin of both *Intuition*, I should not have spent my time on those Lectures;—indeed, this I had said beforehand.”

If Robertson had been writing consecutively, he would, in some way, have guarded his meaning in one or both of these passages; but, taken as they stand at present, they contradict each other. If “religion is poetry,” and “all or most poetry” (which must mean most poetic products) “is the half-way house to religion,” it is impossible that “the arts,” including “poetry,” should ever “in themselves deteriorate nations.” Yet we have just now been told that the lesson of history is that they do so. In fact, history teaches no such lesson, and Robertson, taken in the right mood, would have been the first to unsay this dictum. It is not at all difficult to see how men of his quality come to exaggerate in this manner. They are badgered up and down the world for heterodoxy on one point or another, and then by a natural reaction, which still leaves them heart-whole and unconscious, or nearly so (I dare not say quite), the zeal of their insulted conscientiousness asserts itself in excessive resistance from the orthodox point of view in some other direction. We too frequently see the same kind of phenomenon. We saw it in the case of Rowland Williams; I could mention more honoured names still; we saw it very recently in the case of a certain bishop, and it will be no thanks

to certain blundering zealots if we do not see it shortly in the case of Dean Stanley. The reader will please to regard these latter instances as belonging to that part of my exposition which bears directly on the relations of Conscientiousness, Reverence, Belief, and Deduction; and we will return upon the illustrations. But now to resume the thread of the moment.

I shall next solicit the very best attention of the reader to a rather long, but most weighty extract from the notes of Mr. Mill to the last edition of his distinguished father's "*Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*." At page 252 of volume ii. of that work are the sentences now to be quoted:—

"Mr. Ruskin, with profounder, and more thoughtful views respecting the beauties of both Nature and Art than any psychologist I could name, undertakes in the second volume of '*Modern Painters*,' to investigate the conditions of Beauty. The result he brings out is, that *everything which gives us the emotion of the Beautiful* is expressive and emblematic of one or other of certain *lofty or lovely ideas*, which are, in his apprehension, embodied in the universe, and *correspond to the various perfections of its Creator*. He holds these ideas to be *Infinity, Unity, Repose, Symmetry, Purity, Moderation, and Adaptation to Ends*. And he is, in my judgment, to a very considerable degree successful in making out his case. Mr. Ruskin, it is true, never thinks of inferring that our feelings of Beauty are the actual consequence of our having those elevating or cheering ideas recalled to us through manifold channels of association. He deems the emotion to be arbitrarily attached to these ideas by a pre-established harmony. But the evidence which he adduces goes far to prove the other point. If he succeeds, as I think he does, in showing that the things which excite the emotions of beauty or sublimity are always things which have a natural association with certain highly impressive and affecting ideas (whether the catalogue which he has made of those ideas is correct and complete or not), we need no other mode of accounting for the peculiar character of the emotions, than by the actual, though vague and confused, recal of the ideas."

Before proceeding with the main line of comment, let me express a hope that it is not inconsistent with my passionate respect for Mr. Mill and Mr. Ruskin, to call attention to the vast difference there is between the language in which Mr. Mill speaks of Mr. Ruskin, and that in which Mr. Ruskin speaks of Mr. Mill in, say "*Time and Tide, by Wear and Tye*." There are in that little volume words about Mr. Mill for which the author would probably have been called out if he had written them fifty years ago—he certainly would if Mr. Mill had been an Irishman! Yet see the noble terms in which Mr. Mill speaks of his brother! terms honourable to him, whether he has seen that brother's harsh phrases or not.

I wish I could agree with Mr. Mill in his reduction here of what

Mr. Ruskin takes to be a fact of direct vision into a complex, though unconscious, result of the laws of Association of Ideas. But in any case the value of the passage for my purpose remains unaltered. Its bearing upon the question before us is sufficiently indicated by the words which I have put in italics ; and if Mr. Mill is, though I dissent from his view, right in what he adds, "as to the actual recal of ideas" in certain states of mind produced by Beauty, my case is only much the stronger.

But, still keeping our minds in partial suspense, let us turn to a great poet, the author of the "Ode to Duty," the "Laodamia," and the "Prelude." Can it be that we shall again hear the same keynote struck by him who sung that "we live by *Admiration*, Hope, and Love"? Let us see.

There are two poems of Wordsworth's, in one of which he relates an encounter with two gipsy boys, while in the other he makes the reflections natural to a poet on certain aspects of that encounter. They begged "an alms" of him. He told them he had just before given their mother something. To this they made answer that their mother was dead. Then, in that odd prosaic vein which runs through so much of his occasional verse and now and then flaws his nobler poetry, Wordsworth tells us how he blew up the little liars for their deceitfulness :—

"Sweet boys! Heaven hears that rash reply—
It was your mother, as I say."

Who can help smiling at this? We see the tall farmer-looking poet, trying to get up angry eyes over that huge nose of his, and shaking his monitory finger at the "sweet boys." Do not let us miss that adjective! We may presume that the account is a little idealised, but we may be sure that some such epithet as that, was really used by the grim sage to the pretty little black-eyed rascals. One is reminded of the beautiful Le Grice, of whom Lamb and Leigh Hunt both relate that you might hear a coal-heaver, fish-fag, or apple-woman, merely on catching a glimpse of his fine face, break off in a storm of profane abuse. Suppose he had knocked over an apple-stall, or a sack of coals,—it would be, "Where are you driving to? d—n your—; I mean, *bless* your beautiful face!" Wordsworth looking at the "sweet boys" is as "pagan" as in a certain well-known sonnet of his :—

"... They, so blithe of heart, seemed fit
For finest tasks of earth or air.
Wings let them have, and they may flit,
Precursors of Aurora's car,
Scattering fresh flowers"

But now let us observe the reflections made by this pagan in the second poem of the series (there are in fact three). He begins by wondering what had become of those "wanton boys for whose free

range the dædal earth" itself seemed clothed with beauty and crowded with living toys. Then, after some meditation, he invokes the "Spirits of Beauty and of Grace:"—

*"Spirits of beauty and of grace! . . .
Ye, by a course to nature true,
The sterner judgment can subdue;
And waken a relenting smile
When she encounters fraud or guile;
And sometimes ye can charm away
The inward mischief, or allay,—
Ye, who within the blameless mind,
Your favourite seat of empire find.*

They met me in a genial hour

*And to my heart is still endeared
The faith with which it then was cheered,
The faith which saw that gladsome pair
Walk through the fire with unsinged hair;
Or, if such thoughts must needs deceive,
Kind spirits! may we not believe
That they, so happy and so fair,"*

Notice the recal of the "Kind Spirits" here:—

*"Through your sweet influence, and the care
Of pitying Heaven, at least were free
From touch of deadly injury?
Destined, whate'er their earthly doom,
For mercy and immortal bloom."*

The language is carefully, nay, jealously guarded. We must even characterise it as undecided—it is the language of a man who has not thought out his subject. But it is from Wordsworth,—from the author of the Ecclesiastical Sonnets, who calls a new-born child, "the sinful product of a bed of weeds,"—and it is ample for our purpose; it is *more* than sufficient.

It is difficult to fix Wordsworth here with a definite expression of opinion, and indeed the poem is one of the numerous instances in which he allows undigested mental products, half opinion and half sentiment, to spoil the general result. But this is clear, that, appealing to the "Spirits of Beauty and of Grace," he expresses a "faith" (or a longing to believe which at his own hands takes the name of faith) that through "their influence" two human beings may prove at last to have been preserved "free from touch of deadly injury," and led on at last to immortal bloom. True, we have also "the care of pitying Heaven," but this item we may cancel, for Wordsworth held that no human being, whether the "spirit of beauty" was on him or not, could come to "immortal bloom" without "the care of Heaven." In fact, at the lowest, we have a special moral function attributed to the intervention of the "spirit of beauty" in the case of two human creatures who were, so far as appears, in a fair way

for receiving the "deadly injury" from which the "spirit" in question is invoked to protect them. If, indeed, Mr. Ruskin is right in holding that "everything which gives us the emotion of the Beautiful is expressive and emblematic of" the ideas of Infinity, Symmetry, Purity, and Moderation, it is not easy to conceive how the "spirit of beauty" can be present *without* exercising a moral function. We may be staggered by apparent anomalies in cases like those of Alfred de Musset, or Turner, or (still more puzzling) Thorwaldsen,—but either our principle is false, or such cases are explicable in consistency with it. I have no doubt they are, and we shall have to examine them when we have prepared the way still further by considering the relation of the gregarious and imitative instincts to our ideas of Duty. For the present, we must leave in suspense this portion of the subject, and open up approaches by other routes.

It seems a very simple matter to speak of Ideality, the Ideal, the instincts of Sublimity and Beauty; but, after all, is it so easy to be sure that there is a clear common understanding when we use such language? We are not now concerned with any questions about a standard of personal beauty; it does not matter to our present purpose that a Kalmuck man prefers a Kalmuck beauty for a bride (if he does), or that a Hottentot would turn away (if he would turn away) in disapproval from Gibson's tinted Venus if she was alive. Utterly unwarranted conclusions are in my opinion drawn from divergences of this kind, but that does not concern us now. Let us keep within the range of familiar facts and the correspondent emotions. And we shall still find our habitual use of language in regard to beauty somewhat vague. For, putting aside all such tolerated solecisms as "a beautiful leg of mutton," or "a beautiful loaf of bread," we shall find plenty to puzzle us. For instance, we apply the word beautiful to colour *pure and simple*, and a fine red or blue causes a high degree of pleasure in certain minds, of an order not to be classed as imaginative or idealistic. A gardener experiences a genuine delight in a bed of flowers simply as appealing (to use a common phrase though an incorrect one) to the eye. We find men who draw well and paint effective pictures, who are powerfully influenced by colour, but who have very little idealism. It is similar with music. Total insensibility to pleasure from music is extremely rare. Colour blindness, whole or partial, is very common indeed, but a cow may be charmed by a flute. Yet of the numbers who throng to a "Monday Pop.," there are few indeed whom "the gods" have "made poetical." It was only the other day that a public discussion about the principles of Wagner's "music of the future" was suddenly found to turn upon the distinction we are now driving at. And we might easily find plenty of appropriate illustrations in other regions; but it is needless.

It will be borne in mind that we have presupposed (carefully admitting that it is only a presupposition,) the existence of specific instincts of Beauty and Sublimity, and that no one, short of an idiot, can be totally without these instincts, though we found them *very* rarely well-developed. Bearing this in mind, let us proceed a step farther.

Suppose A has the instinct of Colour as 20 and B as 10. Other things being equal, the pleasure of A in colour would be double that of B.

Suppose there is some positive relation between certain colours or combinations of colour and the instinct of Idealism (as, *e.g.*, which is true in my own experience, that a certain blue powerfully *elevates* the emotions), then the total degree of excitement of *all kinds* which a man would receive from such colours would be a complex problem, depending upon his sense of Colour on the one hand and his sense of Beauty on the other. If C had Colour as 5 and Ideality as 15, it is impossible to say whether he would have more or less pleasure in a given blue, than D who had Colour as 15 and Ideality as 5. It may seem certain, however, that E, who had Colour as 2 and Ideality as 18, would receive less pleasure from the blue than either. And it seems probable that F, who had Colour as 10 and Ideality as 10, would receive more pleasure than either of the others. Of course, it is certain that G, who had Colour 20 and Ideality 20, would have the maximum of pleasure—so far.

But suppose H had Ideality as 2 and Colour as 18, he would have great delight in Colour, and yet but little sense of the poetry of Colour. And suppose J had Music as 18 and Ideality as 2, his case would correspond. Yet H and J would both describe their emotions by using such words as beauty and beautiful.

Now, when we speak of the sense of Beauty in these discussions, we confine ourselves to the special or high construction of the words. The reader will recall that verse of Wordsworth's from the "Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a picture of Peele Castle :"—

"Ah! then, if mine had been the painter's hand
To express what then I saw; and ADD the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream!"

Well, though these lines help us to define our own meaning, yet, such is the imperfection of language, they re-open the difficulty in a new shape; for, strictly speaking, there would be nothing to "add" to a *perfect* picture of the Castle. A perfect picture of what Wordsworth saw would *have* the "gleam"—for Wordsworth *saw* the gleam, and there was an end. It was not something unreal that his mind stuck on or "added" to *what was there*—he only added in the sense that he saw something that another painter did not see; exactly as a man who could enjoy colour would see what a colour-blind man could not.

Nor is this without wider and deeper bearings than may at first sight be obvious. Such words as poetry, imagination, and fancy, have been used so loosely that it is next to impossible to extricate ourselves from the confusions they now carry with them in common speech. At the risk of violating the laws which are supposed to regulate the art of persuasion, I will venture to say that the readers of this paper might, with few exceptions, be divided into two classes:—1. Those who think poetic feeling “adds” a false colouring to facts; and 2. Those who hold some such futile doctrine as that all natures and all facts are alike poetic. The first class is much the more numerous, but the second is much the more irritating; because there is a touch of downright humbug about its creed. The true doctrine is what we are in search of; and, in the meanwhile, we are just now especially concerned with the view of the majority, namely, that “the gleam” is something unreal, and its function at the very best a trick of Nature for her own ends. The current use of the word Imagination has very much favoured this view, since it carries with it in the minds of most people a suggestion of the forming of mere images. Long ago, James Mill proposed Ideation as a help towards relieving the other word of part of its heterogeneous burthen; but suggestions of this kind do not reach the masses, and they still believe that the “lunatic, the lover, and the poet” are in a concatenation accordingly that does not flatter Shakspeare, though he coupled the three together. We constantly hear such speeches as, “That’s the poetry of the thing, now let’s come to the plain, matter-of-fact prose.”

Many things have conspired to results of this kind. One of them, which is of the very utmost weight and significance, we must now glance at.

It has already been remarked that what the phrenologists call a large organ of Ideality is very rare, and that even a *fair* degree of poetic sensibility may be reckoned among the exceptional gifts of heaven. How then should we endeavour to make those who are imperfectly endowed in this respect understand something of what we have in our thoughts when we speak of the gleam, the consecration, the light that never was on sea or land? There is a way and an easy one. Once in his life almost every man who is much better than a savage is poetic. You know what is coming. I mean, when he is in love. Then, for a time, something of the gleam, the consecration, the divine light, is over everything. It is freely affirmed that this is Nature’s trick; and a year or two after marriage or some other “disillusionment,” we have the man talking of rose-colour and plain fact; the realities of life as opposed to the dreams of youth. Yet we can all of us positively assert two things concerning the time when “the day was not long enough, but the night too must be consumed in keen recollections; when the head boiled all night on the pillow with the generous act it resolved on; when the moonlight was

a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into song; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets, mere pictures." One of them is, that we felt at the time quite certain of what we saw, that we should have then laughed to scorn the idea of there being any illusion in the case. The other is that we were then at our best, more just, more kind, more fit for all good things than at any other time in our life. And here, once more, we find ourselves confronted by the relations between Goodness and the sense of Beauty.

There is yet another path, another out of many, by which we may arrive at the same point. It is a fact that we do not always maintain through life the height to which love (in a degree friendship also) lifts us. We avenge ourselves by saying that we were under a delusion when we felt ourselves so near to heaven; but in our better hours, live as long as we may, we put the saddle on the right horse, and blame our own will for having come down into the ravines and gorges. We did unworthy things, and we had to descend. And, from time to time, we find we can verify this in a very simple way; for, in proportion as, by acts of self-denial or resolute *rightness*, we manage to restore the moral mood of the golden age of our lives, we find the gleam and the glory arise upon us.

Then, how does it sometimes happen that those on whom a double portion of "the spirit of beauty" might well seem to have fallen, lead lives which seem to puzzle all these conclusions? When the sense of Beauty appears to conflict with the sense of Right, what are the real terms of the conflict? We shall be in a better position for considering this when we have, under the head of Gregariousness and Conscientiousness, looked a little attentively at the commonplace as distinguished from the beautiful, and considered, among other things, the canon of Philip in Clough's "Bothie," that "use" should always "be suggester of Beauty." We shall then find ourselves compelled to return upon the point at issue between Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Mill in the extract given from the footnotes of the latter to his father's "Analysis." And I think we shall have to conclude that the "light" of which the divine poet says,—equivocally, though we understand him,—that it never yet was on sea or land, is, to quote him again, "a master-light of all our seeing,"—a light without which there can be no complete vision of the facts of life, and no true moral judgment. We shall find that, though a human being may have this master-light within him and still do wrong, yet that no person in whom the poetic sense is deficient can be in the noble sense a sound casuist; that no scheme of duty which omits to take into account the qualities of things as they are seen under this "master-light," can be anything but maimed, sordid, and misleading.

HENRY HOLBEACH.

THE LAND OF HAWKS (AÇORES).

"But where on earth is the Land of Hawks?" asked Jack Worthington, one morning, as we were chatting together in my rooms. "I am willing to go with you, but I should like to know something of the place." Upon enquiry, nobody somehow seemed to know anything about the place. Men with brains supposed to be steeped in geography, were delightfully vague, and when pressed on the subject, covered their ignorance by a mysterious shake of the head. Meagre was the information to be gleaned from Encyclopædias and Atlases: Murray was not to be our "guide, philosopher, and friend:" so Jack and I packed up our kits, and set out to obtain a little practical geographical knowledge for ourselves, and having acquired it, I am going to present to my readers some of the results of our researches, which proved intensely interesting to us.

We secured the entire cabin of a well-built wine and fruit schooner, and after an agreeable voyage, pleasantly broken by a stay at Madeira, we arrived at our destination, a group of islands situated between lat. $36^{\circ} 59'$ and $39^{\circ} 44' N.$, and long. $31^{\circ} 7'$ and $25^{\circ} 10' W.$ We found a land dazzling in its brightness, and joyous with "laughter from the fields of Ocean." A land of earthquakes and volcanoes, bearing on its face deep scars and cicatrices which told of many a burning, scalding, and tearing asunder. Here, charred to an inky blackness; there, resplendently green with the richness of a virgin soil—the varied coast line everywhere washed by the intensely blue waters of the broad Atlantic. Emerald and onyx gems in an amethyst setting. A land of strange old customs fossilized by the hand of time. A land of laziness, of siestas of interminable gossip; a land of rich fruits and prodigal fertility. A people merry and light-hearted, delighting in their processions, their festas, their dances, and their improvised rhymes. Where languishing brunettes inspire the guitar-wedded serenade, and where occasionally a knife will glitter and a fall be heard. All this, and more, we discovered in the Land of Hawks, or to give it its Portuguese name, *As Ilhas dos Açores*.

A primitive race are the inhabitants. They cause a feeling of Rip Van Winkle (as yet unawakened) to creep over one. A heavy sleep seems to have fallen upon them in the remote ages of antiquity, and Time, with silent, lengthy, and rapid strides, has passed by them unmarked; the progress that has followed in his train unseen. This is naturally more observable among the mass of the population than the higher classes. They have stopped at periods of the far distant past, varying according to their several pursuits. In agriculture

they pulled up short, somewhere about the time of Moses. Their solid wheel ox-cart is without doubt a correct imitation of the first vehicle that moved on wheels. The heavy, rude, embossed iron tires are even suggestive of Tubal Cain. The corn is trodden out by oxen, and two women may often be seen grinding at a mill (a most gossip-begetting employment). The plough of the country is primitive in the extreme, being but the trunk of a tree deprived of its bark, so that they are thus behind even the Roman improvements upon a more ancient mode of tillage, and failing to profit by Virgil's lesson, they neglect to "sink a socket for the shining share." The inhabitants of the more important islands, however, are now beginning to see the advantages of the Latin plough, and the method of manuring also, by sowing and ploughing-in lupin, much prized by the early Romans, is generally adopted. In navigation, despite their close relationship to a Magellan and a Vasco da Gama, they leave off where the Phœnicians began. Compasses, quadrants, and chronometers are regarded as inventions of the foul fiend, traps set to catch the guileless mariner; and with the stars for his only guide, the native toiler of the sea steers his uncertain course. In pottery they have reached the time of the Roman kings, and retain a severe style, belonging to a classical age anterior to the introduction of meretricious ornament. The link which connects them with the moderns is their patois—still this is mediæval. Their songs and romances are of the fifteenth century, and bear strong traces of the old feudal system and yellow-haired Goth on the one hand, and of the turbaned and scimitared Saracen on the other. The name Aravias given to their romances denotes a Mosarabian origin. The same word was applied to the Mosarabic language. Often do the harsh gutturals of some Moorish word recall a time when the Moslem's power was strong in Portugal. Many Moorish words are still retained entire. Indeed, close contact with the African has caused much of his colour to adhere, not only to their language, but also to their complexion, their dresses, and their architecture, which have all a Moorish tint. No one but a jealous Oriental could have invented the costume of the women. The face is hidden by the folds of a gigantic hood, which rises far above the head, being propped up by whalebone, and the figure and feet are obscured from view by a heavy mantle falling from the shoulders to the ground. As for the men, the mind of the middle ages still dwells in them. A characteristic of that mind was a desire to exaggerate some article of dress (witness our forefathers' shoes and ruffs). Here it is the head-dress which assumes undue proportions. Their carapuças or caps are built on the most liberal principles. In front, a peak two feet broad throws a shadow over the wearer, and behind, a cape almost large enough to shelter a family descends to the small of the back. In their architecture, faint indications of the Mosarabian may be discerned. Only faint, however, for the style is so mixed,

that like a good salad, not one of its component parts can be traced back to its origin. Given a sheet of deep black-edged paper upon which an amateur has designed numerous odd windows, and you have a rough approximation to the external appearance of ecclesiastical edifices. This strange effect is produced by the use of the local black volcanic stone as a frame-work, and a plentiful application of whitewash to the intervening walls. The principal features of religious buildings are open belfries, long, oblong, red-tiled naves, horse-shoe arches, scrolls, and occasionally a dome or minaret—the shape and position of the windows seem left to the taste of individual workmen.

Of the nine islands composing the group of the Açores, S. Miguel is the largest. Its chief town is Ponta del Gada, with a civil governor and other civil and military officials exercising jurisdiction over this island and the neighbouring one, Sta. Maria. These two islands are called the oriental division. The central division is composed of Terceira Graciosa and S. Jorge, the seat of its local government being situated at Angra, the capital of Terceira. Fayal, Pico, Flores, and Corvo complete the number and form the occidental division, having Horta, the capital of Fayal, as its centre. We established ourselves in Ponta del Gada, commonly called A Cidade, or The City, by the natives. Its environs are rendered attractive by numerous gardens, where owing to the evenness of the climate, every kind of tree, including tropical growths, flourishes luxuriantly in the open air. With the exception of certain weird caverns, there are no show places. Evidences of civilization exist in the shape of a club (so called), a café, and a theatre.

As soon as an elementary acquaintance with the language enabled us to travel where French and English are alike unknown, we bent our steps inland. The roads (in parts) are really excellent, and although our mule-propelled conveyance, of primeval construction, had at first filled our minds with anxious forebodings, we managed a twenty-seven miles' journey with something considerably less than the maximum of discomfort.

After seven hours' travelling we were taken at a sharp trot down the break-neck incline which leads into the Valley of the Furnas. Here we were delivered into the charge of certain donkey-men, whose open mouths proved that they regarded us in the light of inhabitants from another world (whether higher or nether I was at first unable to determine). Under their care we jogged over to a house named Grená (a private hotel for English visitors), situated on the banks of the Furnas lake. Previously to our departure from Ponta del Gada its enthusiastic citizens had poured out a perfect stream of praises about the glories of the Furnas. Taught by experience, we mixed many grains of salt therewith, and called to mind that King David made no exception in favour of the Portuguese when he delicately hinted

that veracity is not general among the human race. Consequently great was our gratification upon finding the beauties of the Furnas Valley and lake surpass all our preconceived ideas. What effect the fact that the arrangements of Grenà disclosed all the comforts of an English country house may have had upon our appreciation of the scene I am unable to determine. I will not attempt a description of this place, but will content myself with saying that all the elements of fine scenery are to be found. Hills, lakes, peaks, waterfalls, crags, blue and madder-tinted rocks, sheer precipices, are the natural features, while the extensive planting and cultivation around show the imprint of the finger of man. The Furnas peasant can hardly be charged with exaggeration when he sings with pride—

“Mas em bellezas que encerra,
No mundo não tem rival.”

“But the beauties that surround thee,
In the world unrivalled stand.”

In the valley are many springs, several of them inferior only in volume and heat to the geysers of Iceland. Every kind of mineral water abounds, from the sulphurous spring whose huge boiling column discharges gallons every minute, to the Agua Santa that is distilled from the earth drop by drop as though Nature begrudged the gift. In this region there is a Bocca de Inferno, seeming to give entrance to the under world. In order to arrive at it, one must descend a large crevasse in the lava and decomposed pumice which form the soil. Then one sees a “dread abyss,” a seeming portal, a horrid mouth, whence issues a “sable smoke,” sulphurous vapours, and boiling mud. This mud is lava in a state of fusion, which is first thrown up as it were in enormous spadefuls, and then falls back into the recesses of the pit. This flux and reflux is accompanied by a noise similar to the regular beat of breakers on the shore. The thought arises that one of the earth's arteries has burst, and each pulsation yields her heart's blood. Upon the adjacent land a perpetual blight seems brooding. Rusty patches blotch the earth, already rendered white from excess of sulphur and the chemical action of escaping gases. A great feeling of insecurity is experienced; the movement, the noise, the steam, and the smoke remind of powers whereby worlds are destroyed.

“The gloomy region trembling shook,
So terribly that yet with clammy dew
Fear chills my brow.”

The baths are most efficacious in certain diseases, and the long list of veritable cures would even throw into the shade the fabulous thousands of an advertising quack.

Why chalybeate springs should always produce the same social effects, let philosophers decide. I only wish parenthetically to remark that here in the uttermost parts of the earth the effects on dress are astonishing. Nowhere in the islands are the toilettes so wonderfully and fearfully made as at the Furnas, and cards and gambling also, like invalids, gain additional strength from their proximity to the waters. Notwithstanding the numerous fumes and exhalations of the valley, its air is evidently health-promoting. Sick persons gain strength, and the peasantry are robust and long lived. In one spot alone does a gas arise fatal to life. It is situated in the Furno de Cal, far removed from the valley and all habitations. It calls to mind the Grotto del Cane at Naples. There can be no doubt of the destructive power of the gas; rabbits, birds, insects, and worms testify with their lives to the truth of the fact. Dead bodies surround the fissure whence issues the killing vapour, and a flaming branch held near it is instantly extinguished.

Whilst at the Furnas, Worthington, a mighty hunter, often made a big bag with little game—woodcock, quail, wild rock-pigeons, and rabbits. We were told snipe, duck, and teal might be shot, but I believe their existence to be apocryphal. The climate affects the birds. Migrants (except terns) lose their wandering habits, and become steady and settle down. St. Valentine's Day is a *dies non*, and observed neither by fledged nor unfledged bipeds. Quails have from three to four nests in the year; other birds lay at such seasons and as often as it may suit their inclinations, and some all the year round, irrespective of seasons. Like the birds, the native sportsmen refuse to observe times and seasons, and, consequently, as may be supposed, the numerous attempts made to stock the plentiful covert of the island with various kinds of game have proved total failures. The native sportsman also has misty notions as to what is game. Many an unhappy little canary he stops in the middle of its song, and black-birds cannot be too careful how they approach him. We thought of turning our attention to freshwater fishing, but it proved impracticable. Frogs exist in millions. Dear old Izaak could have amused himself with the arrangement of the live batrachian bait, which he so thoroughly understood, until the end of time, without ever arriving at the last of the frogs, or—the first of the fishes. Gold and silver fish alone occupy the lakes, and they are not to be caught with a hook. As for the streams, their case is admirably illustrated by one of Seymour's "Humorous Sketches," when a ragged urchin replies to a pompous old angling pedagogue, "Well, I don't know if there be any fish, but if there be, they be very small, for there warn't no water in the stream afore the rain last week." This dearth of freshwater fish is compensated by the facility with which great monsters may be dragged out of the deep. The surrounding seas are veritable "happy hunting grounds" to the deep-sea fisherman. Big game

abounds—bonita, dolphin, and albacor for the hook; turtle, tunny, porpoise, and whale for the harpoon. The albacor affords excellent sport. The "mucus of the sea" (so firmly believed in by M. Michelet) has developed in him a most muscular constitution. His weight (150 to 200 lbs.), added to his power, makes him a difficult fish to haul up. It is a regular case of "pull devil, pull baker."

Upon our return to Ponta del Gada we found that the carnival was drawing to a close, and we arrived just in time to witness and take part in a game peculiar to this bacchanalian festival, and practised only in the Azores. "Intrudo" the natives call it, but the same word means shrove-tide carnival time, and also any fun that may then take place. The game seems to be a sarcastic allusion to the Portuguese dislike of washing. It consists in throwing as much water as you are able on any passer-by, save and except the sacred person of a soldier or an official. Moreover, the said passer-by must neither lose his temper nor take his remedy at law. Highly ornamental hollow wax balls, shaped like lemons ("limas"), and filled with water, are sold by itinerant vendors. Persons in the street are thereby enabled to retaliate upon those indoors, who squirt water from above. It is customary for the young men to form themselves into storming parties, and give notice that they will attack certain houses at a stated time. The moment arrived, they deploy in open column in the street, and pelt every open window in the houses mentioned, the ladies meanwhile hailing down "limas" on them from the balconies. The fair ones have a decided advantage in position, and, besides, they press into the service every engine which the ingenuity of man has invented for the projection of water. Each member of the attacking party is attended by a boy bearing a tray filled with "limas." A well-directed shot not unfrequently upsets the tray, and for the time deprives the water-soldier of his ammunition. The victory is generally to the strong. An overpowering volley unerringly aimed drives the party of little amazons indoors, and the assailants pass on to another house, singing a psalm of victory.

After the battle a spongy feeling pervades every part of the body: most cunningly macintoshed must he be who does not seem to be carrying about tons of water in his clothes. Small particles of wax are all over one, in eyes, ears, and mouth, and sometimes a temporary obliquity of vision is produced by a hard hit in the eye. The game is rather destructive to the picturesque side of a carnival, owing to the number of umbrellas and macintoshes displayed, but the brilliant fancy dress-balls in the evening, when a lima must not be thrown, make ample amend.

Lent set in with an access of gloom calculated to produce melancholia; we therefore escaped from Ponta del Gada, and betook ourselves to the *Sette Cidades*, where an excellent house had been most kindly placed at our disposal. We were now in the west of the

island, in a diminutive village situated on the borders of a lake, or rather two lakes, one intensely blue, the other olive green, and communicating by a small channel cut through the narrow isthmus that divides them, the whole surpassing even the Furnas in beauty. The Sette Cidades (a corruption of cavidades or hollows) are seven immense craters (seven is the supposed number; I could never count more than six). Four of them contain water, and form a series of lakes at different altitudes, affording many romantic views. They are of comparatively recent formation. When Cabral, who first took possession of the islands, explored S. Miguel (1443), he was delighted with the aspect of an extensive plain that stretched out to the westward, and seemed to offer every facility for agriculture. He placed certain Moors in charge, and returned with all his Portuguese followers to the adjoining island of Sta. Maria. Imagine the horror of the poor Arabian knights (as Padre Cordeiro calls them in his account), when they saw the land to the westward gradually rise and rise, as though one of the genii carefully bottled up by Solomon was, so to speak, uncorking himself. The whole island meanwhile shaking to its very foundations, and seemingly trying to cast off its moorings! When the Portuguese came back, they found the aspect of one-half the island changed. Mountains were in the place of plains. A verdant flat had become a range of charred and blackened peaks, and water was where none before had been. This occurred in 1444.

While Lent lasted we thoroughly explored the whole of the island, ascended the Pico de Vasa, the highest mountain, and qualified as guides to stray visitors. The peasantry proved civil, obliging, cheerful, and tolerably free from vices. They certainly have an itching palm, and are inclined to evil speaking, lying, and slandering. Petty larceny is said to possess an attraction which they find difficult to resist, but this is a decided defamation of character. I must say they are endowed with a talent for bargaining—a genius it amounts to, that awakens feelings of admiration not unmixed with awe. In the matter of overcharging the foreigner, I discovered that the London cabman has yet much to learn. Many instances of integrity, however, are to be met with. One man we employed (rejoicing in the name of Antonio Rebica), not only never cheated us himself, but guarded us from the impositions of others. They are poor, but not in abject want. As a rule each man possesses a little plot of ground, either freehold or held at a quit rent, which supplies him with sufficient corn for the year. In addition to this, he has a pig and a donkey. The last is the source of an irregular income, being hired by persons about to travel in the island. Everybody who cannot afford a private or a hired carriage moves about on donkey back; walking is never thought of. The principal articles of food among the poor are bread, fish, yams, and vegetable soups. The corn bread is said to be productive of the great dental brilliancy which characterises both men

and women, and fortunately so, for they are all provided with an abundance of mouth and a great exuberance of lip. Money has a very small circulation amongst them. Barter prevails, and the work of an artisan or labourer is repaid by rendering him such services as he in his turn may require. I believe the annual subscription to the Furnas barber for the perennial Saturday night or Sunday shave was three cobs of Indian corn. Little children, brindled pigs of greyhound proportions, blue cats, and yelping mongrels are the chief objects of animated nature in the village streets. The children's wardrobe is evidently limited, for they may often be seen (probably when their solitary garment is being washed) walking about in all the dignity of primitive man, clad in his natural dress. The peasant is pre-eminently superstitious; there is no limit to his powers of credulity. He considers himself also called upon to take part in every ecclesiastical ceremony, and when the Church disports herself in the streets, he thinks the *summum bonum* of happiness has been reached. In the city is an image known as the Santo Christo. The fêtes held in its honour enabled me to take an accurate observation of the evidences of superstition.

It is in the care of the nuns of N. S. da Esperança, one of the few convents permitted to die a natural death upon the disestablishment of conventual orders. From an æsthetic point of view the image is not attractive. It is an ill-executed half-figure of Christ, carved in wood and miserably painted. But the miracles ascribed to it have brought it into great repute. It is crystallised with jewels and precious stones. Moreover, it is seised of landed property, and a constant stream of gifts keeps its exchequer and its pantry always filled. The cloak that covers it will heal the sick. To such the priests lend the velvet mantle—for a consideration. An engraving of it acts as a safeguard from ill, and a tape with its height marked thereon as a charm. Even the leaves with which the streets are strewn on procession days are treasured as talismans. Once a year this image is paraded through the densely crowded streets. Down go all the people on their knees, and beat their breasts, as it passes. From the aspect of the Saint on this day, whether smiling or frowning, good or bad fortune is augured for the islands. Other Saints often have processions in their honour, but this of the Santo Christo eclipses them all. Priests and acolytes, with banners, crucifixes, and censers, "irmandades," or brotherhoods, of mediæval pattern, the image under a rich canopy (by the way, two women had to walk under the image as penance for some naughtiness). High functionaries of the Church, robed in the gorgeous manner so dear to the Romish hierarchy; His Excellency the Civil Governor, with "the powers that be," in diplomatic dress; the Commandant, staff, and troops, bareheaded; military bands; and lastly, certain of the *jeunesse dorée* of the island, who, by thus "assisting," accomplish the treble object

of performing an act of devotion, of seeing Donna Isabel here, Donna Bianca there, and Donna Juliana further on ; and, most important of all, of displaying whatever their Lisbon tailors or hosiers have recently sent them. Such is the procession of the Santo Christo, the greatest event of the year. The people like a din, and cannons boom, rockets crackle, bands bray, and bells clash, to an extent that fully satisfies them. During the fêtes we had a miracle play, but correspondents at Ober-Ammergau have so thoroughly enlightened the British public on that subject that nothing remains to be said.

At the conclusion of all the festivities we booked places in the *a. a.* "Insulano," in order to visit the adjacent islands. Before finishing with S. Miguel some notice must be taken of its oranges, whereby alone we are made acquainted with its existence in England. The fruit grows in all the islands, but the largest trade is carried on here. One suffers from a surfeit of oranges during the season, the air is heavy with their odour, the streets yellow with their peel. The Saracen seems to have acquired a habit of dropping orange pips into convenient holes, whenever he had a sufficiently strong tenure to inspire him with a desire to improve his property. Thus did Portugal become acquainted with the fruit. She encouraged its culture in her insular possessions, and gained thereby an addition to the revenue. It is propagated now by layers, by grafting, and by seed. Five kinds are grown—the silver, the navel, the tangerine, the *comprida*, and *selecta*. Old trees bear the best fruit, thin-skinned and pipless, but ten years are sufficient for a tree to arrive at perfection. It will then bear from 1500 to 2000 oranges. In order to protect both trees and crops from the fearful gales that sweep over the islands, lofty hedges are formed of trees of rapid growth: such as the incense tree, the *Faya* (peculiar to this group), and certain laurels. The orange-tree is liable to a disease called the *Lagrima* (from the drops that issue from the trunk), whereby it weeps itself to death. As in hysterics sharp treatment proves the most efficacious, so the tree's tears are stopped by the harsh method of lopping off numerous branches and exposing the roots to the air. The fruit is subject to the attacks of a parasite which revels in the tonic bitter of the peel. It is known as the *aspidistus conchiformis*—a kind of cochineal. In 1870-71 as many as 270,749 large boxes, containing about 800 oranges each, were reported from *Porta del Gada* alone—total value thereof about £65,000.

We left *Ponta del Gada* at about 5 P.M. and anchored in the Bay of Angra in Terceira early on the following morning. Angra itself is full of charm. Built on and between two closely adjoining hills, its houses reach down to the seashore and are reflected on the placid surface of the water. The Cathedral, the monument to Dom Pedro, and the large and well fortified Castle of S. John the Baptist, occupy prominent positions. Before you is an excellent natural harbour,

bounded on one side by a huge bluff promontory and having on the other two prominent black rocks—the Cabras. This is the most sporting island of the group. The inhabitants have displayed such valour at different times that Angra has had “do heroismo” added to its name, and the island itself has received the title of “sempre leal.” In 1829, at Villa de Praia, the second town of note, 360 men with 5 cannons totally defeated a Dom Miguelite fleet mounting 344 guns and carrying 3000 men.

A perfect passion for bull-fights is manifested by all the Terceira-ensians, who are besides tolerable shots and horsemen, and excel in the use of the national weapon, the quarter-staff. The bull is fought after the manner of Portugal. He enters the ring with his horns so guarded that, although he may toss, he is wholly prevented from goring. No horses are ridden to the bitter end, and amateurs dispute with professionals the plaudits of the spectators. The dash and agility of Seville or Madrid are retained; the cruelty, the sting as it were, alone is removed. One *tour de force* I venture to chronicle. A chair was placed opposite the door whence the bull was about to issue: a performer quietly seated himself. Out rushed the bull, rendered furious by his captivity, and dashed at the man. He, unmoved, allowed the beast to approach, and when on the point of being touched, by a quick, adroit movement quitted the chair, which was incontinently tossed sky-high to the delight of the beholders. In the country bulls are fought for pure love of the sport. A bull is run into a village street. The ends are closed to prevent his escape. All the doors and windows are left open, and it is only by a harlequin jump in at them that the frantic onslaughts of the bull can be avoided. The bulls are of a peculiar breed, very hardy and pugnacious, and are allowed their liberty in consideration of the amusement they afford. When exhausted from a fight they are returned to their native wilds.

Of the quarter-staff, it may be mentioned that it is impossible to understand how formidable a weapon it may become in skilled hands, until a set-to between a couple of Terceiraensians has been witnessed. Some of these people would have made good play even with Will Scarlet or Friar Tuck.

The interior of this island is uninteresting from the want of large timber, a defect visible in all the islands. The heights of Sta. Barbara with their caldeira are not sufficiently attractive to call forth any remarks. I cannot pass over in a like silence the eruption which took place off this coast in 1867. Six columns of thick white vapour rose from the sea to an enormous height. In their midst were seen large blocks of volcanic stone hurled with rapidity and great violence from the bottom of the ocean. Repeated detonations shook the air, and balloons of steam were constantly puffed off from the sea at great distances from the actual place of eruption. This lasted several days. At length a great change in the colour of the water, and con-

stant and heavy breakers, caused every eye to look anxiously for the dry land to appear. A formation almost on the sea level could already be seen when the submarine volcano ceased its operations, and the disturbed part of the bed of the ocean returned to its original position, "full a hundred fathoms down." Previous eruptions had not been so harmless. Praia has been thrice destroyed, and many lives have been lost.

From Terceira we went to S. Jorge, celebrated for its cheeses (and nothing else), and thence on to Fayal. This island was once, for a very short time, in our possession. It was during the "sixty years' captivity," the period succeeding the conquest of Portugal by the forces of Philip II. under the ferocious Alva. The gallant Raleigh took the island, but was prevented by the smallness of his force from holding it. That most gentlemanlike of buccaneers seems to have comforted himself with boundless license out here, and to have made the lives of the Spaniards to be a burden to them. On one occasion he held the Captain-General of S. Miguel to ransom, and many were the Spanish crowns cracked by his followers to the honour of our Virgin Queen, and the greater glory of Old England. The principal beauty of Fayal lies in its juxtaposition with the other islands: opposite is Pico, with its 7000 feet sugar-loaf; farther off is S. Jorge, and again to the northward is Graciosa. Horta, the chief town, is situated in a bay, and forms a handsome amphitheatre. Here whale-boats are kept whereby the hardy sportsman may be enabled to have a shot at the oil-yielding leviathan, for it seems he is killed now with explosive projectiles. The natives have an extensive commerce with America in oranges, oil, and Fayal manufactures. The last consist of laces made wholly from the fibre of the aloe, graceful groups of flowers carved from the pith of the fig tree, and straw-embroidered net. Near Horta are two natural curiosities, the Caldeira and the Castello Branco. The first is the crater of an extinct volcano, having in its interior a small lake and a smaller crater. The Castello is a great white rock that shows out boldly on the shore. But to my eye the chief attraction of this favoured isle lay not in its barren crater or its frowning rock. It possesses a charm unshared by its surrounding sisters in certain picturesque villas, which, occasionally seen, remind the admiring gazer that Nature is not always in the throes of internal strife, and that it is permitted to dwell here unharmed by those tremendous convulsions whose traces are evident on either hand. Much further than Horta did our wanderings extend, but space prevents me from going further in my description of what we saw.

Pico with its lofty and still smoking top; Graciosa, with its marvellous subterranean lake; Sta. Maria with its stalactite island of Romeiros, in reference to the irregular columns of which a native historian, a master of bathos, says that it is "like a candle manufac-

tory where the long church candles are in various stages of making." Flores and Corvo, whose inhabitants, in consequence of their outlying position, rarely or ever see a stranger, and are more primitive if possible than their neighbours. All these I must pass by with only a casual mention, and totally banish all points of geological and historical interest, all accounts of the terrible internal convulsions before which the fires of Vesuvius pale, and all the numerous stories attached to the insular institutions. Nevertheless, I trust that in this hasty, imperfect sketch, enough has been said to show that here are "fresh fields and pastures new" for a ramble out of the beaten track; where not only is Nature attractive from the bizarre aspects she assumes, and the numerous beauties with which she adorns herself, but where also her children amuse by the simplicity and naivete which seclusion naturally engenders. Moreover, the islands are easy of access in the winter and spring, and offer one of the few places exempt from sights and shows, and entirely free from that offshoot of easy locomotion—Excursions and the Excursionist.

CHRISTOPHER WOOD.

TO THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

[Decidedly the Mikado of Japan is the most resolute throned Reformer of his day. He has just issued a decree by which the library of the ex-Tycoon, containing a hundred thousand volumes, is thrown open to the public, whether Japanese or foreigners.—*Daily News*, Sept. 5, 1872.]

I.

FIRST of thy race—first of thy nation's Kings !
Who see'st and weigh'st the world by reason's light,
Not judging by old Custom's sight,
But by the rolling tide of men and things,—
Thou may'st sow broad-cast o'er thy brilliant land
New thoughts and hopes as glowing as thine own,
Burying grim Idols in thy deep sea-sand,
That men may kneel at shrines from slavery won.
Those slaveries of soul, designed
By the close-veil'd mysterious power
Which Priest-craft bred for Thee, and all,
By thine own sceptre fall !
Their depths thy piercing brain hath counter-mined—
The fabric sinks in one black thunder-shower—
And Life's expanding wings flame up behind !

II.

The mind of man
Once open'd, claims a boundless span ;
Thou canst no more
Contract its shore
Than make a flood-tide ebb at thy command.
Take then thy stand
On Nature's constant love and youth,
Her heart and truth ;—
And thy resolve to search and weigh
All creeds that ferment 'neath this pregnant day,
Then choose the loftiest—hold thou fast,
And thy rare-flowered crown shall ever last
In star-like record when its bloom hath passed !

III.

There was a Dome, like midnight,
 Lit up by blood-red lightning !
 And deep within
 A demon din,—
 With many a sight
 Of ghastly horror whitening
 Faces and forms, e'en while the flames were brightening !
 The screams of those wild massacres
 Long echoed down the shuddering years ;
 And yet we know the self-same creed
 For which those proselyting martyrs died,
 Hath caused unnumbered victims thus to bleed
 Before its symbols deified !
 O, GREAT CREATIVE SPIRIT !
 Can man inherit
 Thine Image, yet disgrace it—
 Distort and half erase it,
 Till Nature scarce can trace it,
 While to such night-dreams crowd on crowd,
 Sheep—swine—and sages—
 Pray secretly, or fierce and loud,
 Blasting a land for ages !

IV.

Heap'd clouds at noon !
 Night's high festoon !
 The piled-up books of the TYCOON
 Were like the mountains of the moon !
 Glorious to dream of—but to climb
 Impossible, or to divine,
 Grow grapes on, olives, or to mine,
 Or put to any use of human time !
 But thou, MIKADO, thou hast spoken
 A new word—and all locks are broken !
 The gates gape wide—
 The rising tide
 Brings minds of every nation side by side ;
 And secrets deep as Southern skies,
 In chronicles, porcelain, metals, woods, silks, dyes,
 Steel, ivory, garden-beds—and lies
 Of mortal Pagods, meet all eyes !

V.

Deal with us—and believe that we
 Deal honestly ;

TO THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

Be friendly, as you find us friends,—
 Each having his own ends,
 Frankly and openly !
 Beware of Hell-born War !
 Earth's branding scar
 Through History !
 Degrading man the beast beneath,
 Who wars but from necessity,
 And builds no Glory on his fellows' death !

VI.

WISE SOVEREIGN ! who hath sent from dazzling seas
 Thy Envoys to far-distant shores,
 Be *thou* not dazzled by the swarming bees—
 Their human hives and stores !
 Their armies, ships, magnificence—
 Nor by each fine Court-eloquence ;—
 But note what hath been won
 'Midst a few sands, called 'years,'
 From Earth's inexhaustible wonders !—from the Sun !—
 From man's soul-swaddling fears !—
 By Intellect and Science, and the Will
 To know what can be known, while yearning still
 Up tow'rds the vision'd foot-stool of God's throne !

VII.

MIKADO ! be not sudden to conceive
 Love—hatred—or indifference—
 But each illuminated tome receive
 Which Europe old, or young America,
 Before thee proudly may lay bare,—
 Cross-questioning each by generous Common-sense ;
 As one who searching many a beach,
 Selects and stores the best from each.
 Thus act—and in futurity
 Thy country's rational idol thou wilt be ;
 The ancient splendours of Japan
 Will dwindle to a painted fan,
 And the rich flowers of all her Kings,
 Beside thy *fruits*, be childish things !

R. H. HORNE.

THE MISFORTUNES OF A GEOLOGIST.

I HAD the misfortune, several years ago, to acquire a little distinction in science at one of our universities. The thing was not much in itself, but my friends in the country, exaggerating its importance, blazoned my name abroad with an enthusiasm which would have been more gratifying if I had deserved it.

When I came, then, just after my degree, to stay in my native village of Audley, I found myself, thanks to this trumpeting of my friends and the general ignorance of the public, a sort of lion in a very small way. Everybody congratulated me: they did not quite know, as some of them frankly confessed, what it was that I had done, but they understood it was something clever, and in the scientific line; and when I protested against the notion, they thought me a very modest young man indeed. Even after the first sensation had subsided, I was recognised as *the* scientific man of the neighbourhood—its geologist, botanist, and chemist; and I had sometimes the satisfaction of overhearing the remark, as I passed through the village, "That's him 'at hes sich a deal o' larning."

But I soon discovered that my chaplet of roses was not without the usual thorns. If it was pleasant enough to show my cabinet to a friend, and expatiate on the rarity of this or that specimen, it was rather annoying every third day or so to be interrupted by the servant with, "Mr. John Smith of Jericho's compliments, and he hears you have a good collection of fossils, and would take it as a favour if you would allow him to see them," and to be bored with Mr. Smith's remarks and admiration for three mortal hours in consequence. Then, if I was listened to by old ladies at tea-parties as an authority, I found myself an object of suspicion to the farmers. After I got back to Audley, not a single stone fence thereabouts ever fell by natural causes—by storm, frost, or decay. It was always "Mr. William; he's been getting his cockle-shells again, and pood t' wall down: he is a maister! But just let me catch him at it, that's aw," when the calumniated Mr. William in question ("that's me") could have proved an alibi to the satisfaction of any jury in Britain. And the perils I encountered in my search for fossils! Othello's adventures were nothing to mine. I have fallen down rocks at night, stuck fast in caves, been chased by bulls, and nearly drowned in rivers, while more than once, when a farmer's labourer talked of

taking the law into his own hands, and proceeded to execute his threat, I have been forced to show him by a little wholesome chastisement that law, so taken, would only burn his fingers.

However I did not complain of such toils and perils as these—they are inseparable from science; and as one must be martyred to some extent if one keeps a hobby, I resigned myself to my fate with equanimity. But I think I had a right to grumble at the troubles I proceed to describe. Judge for yourself, gentle reader.

The usual entertainments in our simple country village were of the kind popularly known as “tea and turn out,” and I had been invited to one of these at the house of Miss D., a maiden lady of strict deportment. The guests were mainly the wives and daughters of the small squires in the neighbourhood; but there was a sprinkling of the squires themselves, who had at least this resemblance to Shakespeare that they “knew little Latin and less Greek.” For some time all went on pleasantly; we sipped our bohea, talked over the parish news, exhausted our stock of riddles, tested our ingenuity at “Proverbs,” and I had just got into a snug corner by Lizzie Sotheron, whose eyes—but that is nothing to the reader.

In the midst of this agreeable employment, our hostess suddenly rose, and, in a tone that seemed more impressive than such a commonplace thing required, said, “Now, Mary; bring in the tray,” and then made for the table with the evident intention of removing the books lying on it.

While I hastened to assist her, I was somewhat surprised, for it was very early. Yet what could “the tray” contain but the usual cake and wine, which were always considered by the lady-guests a polite hint that it was nearly “time to be putting on their bonnets”?

A great tray, however, now made its appearance, heaped up with minerals and fossils from every part of Britain, and jumbled together in glorious confusion. And my surprise was changed into horror when our hostess, with a short preparatory cough, began what was evidently a premeditated oration.

“Mr. William,” said she to me, “we thought—that is, I and my sister—that it would contribute very much to the amusement of our party, if you would give us a little account of the main facts of that most interesting science, geology, which you know *so well*. In fact, I told one or two of our friends this idea of mine, and they agreed with me that it would be one of the pleasantest possible ways of spending an evening—so instructive, too. So pray begin.” And all round there was an echo of “Pray do!” including a rather quizzical one from the young lady I have mentioned above.

Now of all mortal men I verily believe I was then the shyest, and as I had always shirked even an after-dinner speech, I had scarcely ever been “on my legs” before. Yet here was I suddenly called upon

without a moment's preparation to give an extemporary lecture in a rather large company !

"Contribute to their amusement, indeed ! Little fear of my failing to do that, at any rate," I said to myself. And of course I began to make excuses. But when I saw my hostess' brow contract, and all persisted (people always do know so much more about one than one knows oneself) that what they wanted would be "quite easy—a mere trifle—to me," I felt myself bound, in common politeness, at least to try.

Blushing and stammering, then—with a dozen apologies for my want of fluency—beginning exactly where I ought to have ended—I blundered on through primary, secondary, and tertiary, palæotherian and megatherian, and, after reducing the strata to a worse chaos than they were ever in before, got through a part of my lecture amid that decorous silence which attends a failure.

As I paused for a moment, however, a whispered but very satirical "Well done !" from the fair Lizzie at my elbow, did me infinite good. It piqued me, and I made up my mind to say just what came uppermost. Soon I was surprised how well I got on, and, by-and-by, I even ventured on a little revenge.

Accordingly I gave my orthodox and unsophisticated auditors an outline of the Development theory, with extensions of my own, telling them that we were supposed to be nothing more than promoted shell-fish, which in the course of ages had passed through the stages of fish, reptile, and mammalian, and become man. Nor was there any proof that this process of development was at an end. On the contrary, it was not improbable that some of our race might ultimately attain, say, to three legs or three arms, and, being thus more powerful, might gradually exterminate the rest of mankind.

When the sensation caused by this announcement had somewhat subsided, I told them that no one however need be alarmed at these threatened metamorphoses, for in all probability no Englishman would live to see them, such a change being predicted by some geologists in the direction of the Gulf Stream as would make England colder than Spitzbergen, and consequently uninhabitable.

"Bless me ! you don't say so—well, I'm sure it's cold enough now," ejaculated one dear old rural matron who sat listening with open mouth as she knitted away at a stocking.

"And as to this talk of resisting invasion from the Continent," I continued ; "it is all very well building iron-clads, and inventing guns, and so on ; but it won't do. They have only to wait a few years, for it is well known that the German Ocean and the Channel are filling up with drift—the Channel is only twenty miles broad, and such changes are nothing in geology. So in a very few years our enemies may be able to come over dry-shod. And even if we do escape that fate, some geologists believe there's a *cataclysmal convulsion* coming"

(this with immense emphasis, which made the old dame cry, "Bless me!" again),—"yes, one of those periodical crackings of the earth's surface, when it splits up as easily as an egg-shell, and two or three ranges of mountains like the Alps are thrown up in a moment. Now, as England has been so long exempt from anything of the kind, it seems most likely the next convulsion will happen to ourselves, tearing our island in two like a rotten rag, and pitching one half on the top of the other; and where shall we be then, I should like to know?" And I ended, with a certain vague uneasiness depicted on the faces of my simple audience.

"Well, geologists seem to have—yes, some rather strange notions," remarked our hostess stiffly. "But now, Mr. William, will you be kind enough to tell us what all these are. Mary, bring my spectacles and the pen and ink; and I'll take down the names as you mention them. I want them exact, please."

Just think! There were ammonites, a score of kinds, from Whitby, trilobites from Ludlow, brachiopods from the limestone, pectens from the tertiary, and a hundred others which I had never seen at all; besides minerals, about which I knew absolutely nothing. And she expected me to give her the names of all!

I was aware that it was vain to plead ignorance: besides, the notion of carrying the joke a little further was now so pleasant to me that I assumed my new office with alacrity.

"This, Miss D.," I said, taking up a fossil at random, "this is the *Scopulo-multi-heaptum can't-make-it-out-um*—a remarkable fossil from the Greensand—very singular from being always found with its mouth closed, except the females, which, as you might expect, have their mouths always open." The expected smile followed.

"The Sco—, what?" said Miss D.

"The *Scopulo-multi-heaptum can't-make-it-out-um*: it's rather a hard name, but nothing to some we have. Scientific men despise a Latin name that does not reach entirely across the page."

"It is really very stupid of me," said Miss D.; "but I cannot quite catch the name. Would you be so kind as to write it for me?"

"Certainly,—there. This," I resumed, taking up a stray vertebra, "is the *Icthyosauri funnibonium*."

"Dear me," said the fat old lady, "what very queer names they have! Did they go by those names, now, when they were alive, I wonder?"

"Ah, that is a very difficult question," said I,—"very difficult. Let me write the name for you, Miss D. Now, here is a specimen that I must indeed congratulate you on possessing. Look at the beautiful arch it forms, like a cat's tail—indeed, it has its first name from that, whilst its second is taken from the discoverer's—who, singularly enough, was also called Kitcat. Did you know him, Miss D.—Dr. Kitcat of Birmingham? No! Oh, he is well known in

the scientific world. The whole name of the shell is *Catstailium Kicattii*. There!" And as I finished writing, the refreshments came in, and I found myself happily relieved from my labours for the present—without an announcement on the part of Miss D. that I should be called upon before long to name the rest of her specimens.

From that day to this, the summons has never reached me. On my return from a visit in the south some weeks afterwards, the first person I met was Miss D., and a glance at her face showed that the secret was out. She had been so proud of her unique and beautiful specimen of the *Catstailium Kicattii* that she could not refrain from sending for a naturalist who was staying in the neighbourhood, and showing it to him; and the heartless fellow at once exposed the joke. Of course, she was very angry; but when I expressed contrition, and explained that it was my utter ignorance of the names and her determination to admit no excuse which made me think of this piece of fun, she forgave me,—saying, however, that she had lost all confidence in my scientific attainments, and I should name no more fossils for her.

I did not escape so well from my next geological misadventure. An old aunt of mine lives at Audley, a prim old-fashioned lady, very straight-laced and narrow-minded, but pious in her way, and extremely charitable. Her house is the prettiest in the village. It is quite covered with roses climbing through the trellis-work, and has a verandah equally shrouded by jessamine and honeysuckle; for she is a staunch partisan of the old English flowers, and admits no "new-fangled foreigners" (as she calls them) into her premises. Behind the house a huge garden and orchard—stocked, as we used to think when we were children, with every kind of fruit in England—stretched down the dell-side through thickets of fern, wild flowers, and overhanging branches to a stream of the clearest water. Artists who travel that way often stop to take a sketch of the cottage; and sometimes, as I have been passing with an acquaintance, he has nudged me and said, with an admiring look at the place, "Ah, you lucky dog!" For it was well known that I was the old lady's favourite nephew, and Sharpey, the lawyer, had hinted that her partiality was shown, better than it possibly could be otherwise, in a certain document carefully sealed up and deposited with him.

Well, one day I called to see the old dame, and with a "Good morning, aunt," sat down on one of the four old oak chairs with stiff backs and crimson cushions, which alone are placed for the use of visitors, the rest of the set being marshalled in line against the wall till the time of her annual state-party. "Good morning, aunt."

"Good morning to you," she answered in a most stately and freezing tone.

"I think we are going to have a thunderstorm, aunt; just look at the sky yonder."

"It may be very well for some people if there is *no* thunderstorm," was the response, with a magnificent emphasis on the *some*.

"Ay, indeed," I replied innocently. "I met old George Green just now, and he tells me all his hay will be spoiled if rain falls."

"Just so; but I was not thinking of George Green," she replied, and relapsed into silence.

I thought she was ill—she was always ailing and cross in damp weather. "Is your rheumatism gone, aunt?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And your cough?"

"No."

Very monosyllabic indeed. I must try religion, I thought. "I went to hear Mr. H. on Sunday," I said; "what an excellent sermon he gave us! Rather long, though, was it not?"

"I hope you may be the better for it," said she.

"Oh, thank you, I hope I may."

"One would have thought," she continued, without noticing my remark, "that certain persons would hardly be barefaced enough, holding such views as they do, to go to church."

"What do you mean, aunt?" I asked, a suspicion flashing across me that her last observation was directed against myself.

"Ah, *you* know what I mean, sir! A man who does not believe his Bible is now-a-days supposed to know everything. It was very different when I was young."

"But who told you, aunt, that I don't believe the Bible?"

"No matter who told me; I had it on very excellent authority," she replied. "You say, sir, I hear, that the world has existed longer than Adam, when the Bible tells us different."

"Why, I certainly do think the world older than Adam; but——"

"Ay, I thought so, sir. There, I don't want to hear any more of that stuff. So *this* is what comes of your college education, and your honours, and your prizes! Well, I never thought there would be an INFIDEL in our family.—Will you do me the favour, sir, to leave the house before the thunderstorm begins? I should not like the flames of Sodom and Gomorrah on my cottage."

"But, aunt, consider——" I began.

"It is for you to consider, sir, the error of your ways. There, sir!" she half screamed, as the first flash of lightning—and a vivid one it was—darted down near us. "Do you see that? Will you go *now*?—Sarah, Sarah, show this gentleman the door, and then run and close all the windows."

"Aunt," I cried from the bottom of the stairs—for I would not add to her fright by staying longer—"but, aunt, you'll lend me an umbrella, won't you? On my honour, I'll send you a new one in return—one I have never touched."

"Oh, you are a bad man for all your scorn," she exclaimed.

"Sarah, shut the door instantly." And I found myself in the street, nor have I ever entered the house since.

But Sharpey, the lawyer, entered it within two or three days of my exit; and they say the sealed document he now has in his iron safe differs very widely and unpleasantly from the other. So that the readers of *St. Pauls* will not wonder if sometimes, when I hear of the benefits conferred by Geology on the world, I inquire with a groan what it has done for me.

B. YORKE.

MARGARET AND ELIZABETH.

By KATHERINE SAUNDERS,

AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK."

CHAPTER I.

A BURIAL ON THE SANDS.

THREE or four miles along the coast to the left of Wrexham harbour is the little fishing village of Eastweir.

There are nets on the chimneys of the houses, and nets on the doors and windows; there are nets on the little harbours in the wild, sandy little gardens; there are nets over the sandy cabbages, and nets on the walls; not a single yard of fence is there in Eastweir uncovered by this sign of its trade. Approaching it from inland, it looks at a little distance as if it were enveloped in one huge net in which the whole village, just as it is, had been caught and hauled in one fine morning; and, indeed, the inhabitants, on first catching sight of a stranger, have very much the air of fish out of water.

The weir from which it derives its name is some little distance further along the coast; and between it and the sea lies only a strip of grey shingle, and, at low tide, the most beautiful stretch of fair sand that the English coast can show.

On that morning the earliest riser in the village chanced to be a fair-haired and ruddy young woman, named Elizabeth Vandereck.

Her rest had been disturbed by two little cherubs, as fair-haired and ruddy as herself, and exactly like each other, playing at "Bo-peep" with her blue patched counterpane.

For some moments she lay still, watching them with half-closed eyes and repressed smile, waiting her opportunity to spring up and startle them, which she presently did, and the little ones were seized by a paroxysm of laughter, which lasted all the time she was dressing them.

Theirs were not elaborate toilets; they consisted of little else than a blue flannel frock apiece, made out of an old shirt of stout Josh Vandereck's.

The dressing finished, the mother carried them, one on each arm, across the bit of rough shingle, set them down, joined their hands (the little things scarcely could stand firmly alone), and started them

on their run across the sands, which at every low tide they imprinted with their tiny, dimpled feet.

It was a lovely morning. Across the blue sky, dim with heat, swam a half wreath of light clouds, pale and luminous as pearls; the sands were rosy in the sunshine, and a fair olive-brown in the shade; a breeze full of fresh sea-dew was blowing.

"Off!" cried the mother, clapping her hands, and away bounded the little creatures, their rosy limbs looking lovely against the sands, and their fair hair blowing out widely, and making them appear not unlike two rare specimens of the sea-anemone.

Elizabeth Vandereck watched them fondly, and turned back with unwilling steps to prepare her darlings' breakfast.

She stood before the little square looking-glass that hung beside the window, and made her thick fair hair into two great shining plaits, that she fastened close to her head with a matronly neatness and scorn of display. She was a sweet, simple-minded woman, with large eyes and large calm lips, and a low but noble brow. Her eyes were very bright that morning—so bright that a sudden mist, the forerunner of tears, came over them as she remembered there was no one to think so but herself.

"My children would love me as much if I were plain," she thought, and smiled and sighed at the same time.

She went and stood before a little table, on which were a pure white cloth and a Bible—nothing more. No toy was ever laid on that, no childish finger was allowed to touch it. It was Elizabeth Vandereck's shrine, where every morning she read those words addressed to the widow and the fatherless, and where every morning she found and kissed these words,—

"August, ——. Joshua Vandereck drowned at sea."

Its date showed it to have been entered two years ago; and by this time peace and happiness were in her eyes as she turned away. Her very step, so light and firm, seemed to express a determination to enjoy heartily the blessings for which she rendered thanks.

The meal was soon prepared: the brown bread and butter, the fragrant coffee, the little high-seated chairs placed on each side her own. Then there was to go into the sandy little garden to cut and disentangle from the fishing-nets a fresh, crisp lettuce. A few flowers, too, were gathered by Elizabeth's plump fingers, and shaken free of the sand and sea spray; to be placed in a certain mug, from which no lips had been allowed to drink since Joshua Vandereck took his last draught from it, and which bore his favourite toast,—

"To the wind that blows,
And the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor."

She goes now to call her little ones to breakfast.

Sea, sands, and shingle are all glittering by this time in the sun's full light. Elizabeth Vandereck shades her eyes to look, and is about to call the little twins by name, but something causes the sound to change on her lips to an exclamation of surprise. She misses the double track of little footprints on the sands. They reach to a small cluster of black slimy rocks, but no further : beyond there the sands are smooth and spotless as the last tide left them.

There is a dangerous pool amongst those rocks deep enough to drown the children, who have been forbidden to go near.

Away rushes Elizabeth Vandereck, with her arm across her brow as a shade from the glaring sun, and with all sorts of fears, wild and vague, at her heart.

She reaches the rocks without hearing the familiar little voices, and alarm makes her footstep slow and wavering.

She glances fearfully among the black slimy forms. There is the pool, but no children beside it.

She goes round behind the rocks to that part which has hitherto been concealed from her, and suddenly she starts back ; her hands are clasped in astonishment and horror.

This is what Elizabeth Vandereck sees on the fair sands of East-weir in the early summer morning :—A form stretched out stiffly as in death ; a woman's form, in a white thin dress stained with the night dew and dust. One cheek seems glued to the sand ; the eyelash lies black and motionless ; while the mouth is closed and averted with the piteous air of a sick child turning from some bitter tasting draught. The rich mass of dark brown hair rests still in the hood of the blue cloak which the wind has blown back from her thinly-clad shoulders and arms.

But it is not the lifeless and beautiful form alone that so moves Elizabeth Vandereck ; nor is it that her own babes sit each on one side of it, with eyes wide and pitiful, and mouths drawn at the corners. It is the employment in which they are engaged that causes her such horror.

In the dimpled hands of each is an oyster-shell, and with it the little ones are scraping up sand and throwing it upon the prostrate woman.

She knows their thought ; they once buried a dead sea bird in the sands ; they think to do the same kind office for the poor human waif they have stumbled upon in their play.

For a minute the mother gazed, spell-bound by a scene so strange, so full of horror to her, and yet so tenderly beautiful. Then she sprang forward, snatched one of the children in her arms, and drew away the other.

She bore them to a higher part of the beach, then waved her hand, and called to two or three forms in blue shirts and tarpaulin hats, beginning to roll lazily down toward the weir.

She waved her hand, and gave a hearty sailor's hail. All the fishermen going down to the weir stopped, and looked along the beach, shading their eyes with their hands from the vivid morning light; then, answering the young widow's cry, began to run towards her, leaving deep tracks in the unsullied sand behind them.

The wives at the village, seeing them all crowding round one spot on the beach, thought one of their husbands had come home from sea with a haul of fish; but, as there was no boat close in on the dancing, glittering water, this was soon proved to be impossible. Curiosity caused them to leave some their beds and some their employments, and hasten towards the spot, and they arrived in time to meet two sturdy fellows bearing a girl's form up the beach. Death was written on her rigid face, her brown hair trailed on the stones; and thus they bore her into Elizabeth Vandereck's cottage.

For half an hour it was whispered in Eastweir that the young Methodist widow Vandereck had a corpse in her house, and that house was soon beset by neighbours, anxious to do their best for the assistance of the widow, though still more anxious to satisfy their curiosity.

At the end of that time came Elizabeth Vandereck herself to the door, with a child in each arm and tears in her kind eyes.

"I thank the Lord, neighbours," said she, "*the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.*"

CHAPTER II.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

LIFE and life's misery had, indeed, come back to the unhappy girl.

She knew it had been brought to her by kind unfamiliar hands; and the first glance she gave her good Samaritan was so full of gratitude to the giver and sick loathing for the gift that the young widow's tears began to trickle fast down her ruddy cheeks.

"Why do you cry?" she was asked, with vague surprise.

"Ah laws, this world!" said the widow, lifting her apron to her eyes; "how blind, for sure, we do grope about, always forgetting that we poor human creatures are all kith and kin together, till death reminds us when he lays his hand on some stranger, and all of a sudden one's heart is of a tremble, as if the Almighty Father had said to one for the first time, This is thy brother or thy sister. Ah! what a sorrow there is in us then! What wouldn't we do to save the poor soul that's a-going!"

"You—saved—me," murmured the girl.

"God answered my prayers," Elizabeth Vandereck said, with a sunny smile on her broad face.

"I wish I had died—oh! I wish I had died!" was the response,

with sudden passion ; "and then you, at least, would have wept for me."

Elizabeth bent her simple, earnest eyes upon her. She was wise of heart as well as kind, that gentle mother ; and, seeing how full was the stranger's cup of bitterness, perceived that even a kind word would overflow it ; so she refrained, and turned away to busy herself with the breakfast. But, good as was the young widow's heart, it yet had a full share of womanly curiosity ; and while she moved about she could not help wondering much as to the strange and forlorn condition of one so young and fair. Who could she be ? Somehow Elizabeth, by a certain instinct, felt sure she was of her own station, in spite of the good clothes and the one or two rich trinkets she wore—in spite, too, of the soft, refined accent which her quick ear soon detected.

"Perhaps she is some good-for-naught," thought the widow. "Then, Elizabeth Vandereck," she added, in her heart, "do you be not too curious, lest you find it out, and have to turn her from your door before she is well able to stand."

When she came and bent down by the sofa with some warm bread and milk her guest was unable to raise her head. Her hands were cold as ice, her lips and brows burning hot.

Elizabeth set down the cup and bent over her with great concern. The girl's feeble, pathetic smile of gratitude went to her heart and moved it still more than the sight of her sickness had done.

"Poor soul !" said she ; "it makes me sad to see you look like that as you'd never had a kind act done by you. Ah, laws, this world !"

"And you—you won't be kind to me much longer," sobbed the girl, with brimming eye and husky voice, "when you hear where I come from and who I am."

"I am glad you have told me so," answered the widow, "for in that case I shall shut my door against all news-bringers till you are better. When one's own ignorance is another's comfort, it is better, sure, than wisdom. I can't answer for myself how I might take it if I heard ill of you ; for—ah laws, this world !—I am a lone woman, and have but my good name to look to."

"But they will tell you vile, vile things of me."

"Hush, poor soul ! Do not sob like that. I will hear nothing, I say, while you lie so white and sick."

"But I must myself tell you——"

"Nothing," said Elizabeth, and smiled, as she put her fingers to her ears. "Nothing, unless you like to say your name."

"Margaret Dawson," said the girl, after a little pause for reflection.

An illness of a very serious and unmanageable kind had taken hold of her. Violent fits of shuddering came first, then incoherent ravings, floods of tears, and peals of laughter.

The widow took her into her own bed-room and laid her down upon a bed, from which the poor thing was not to rise for many a weary day and night.

Elizabeth Vandereck was a tender nurse; but it was enough to make any one smile to see how she played with her own conscience in the matter. She would have held it wicked to cherish in her house and with her innocent children a person of evil character, and she knew very well that every day neighbours came to her door expressly to tell her this was what she was doing.

To all visitors who appeared to her to be bound on such an errand she would nod pleasantly from the window and declare that she was too busy to come down, and then retire, taking no notice whatever of the meaning glances and gesticulations with which they hinted at some important news.

"Ah! you are beginning to be cold to me—you keep away from my bed," Margaret cried out sometimes in her delirium. "You have heard, then?"

And Elizabeth would wipe her eyes, and say to herself,

"I see I should not have kept her if I had not shut my ears."

Certainly, Margaret herself could not have been more anxious to keep off evil reports than her nurse was. She trembled when a knock came to the door, for fear of news coming that would oblige her to cast forth the weary, bruised creature who had found shelter in her home.

The sweet, patient face began to have a strange charm for her. There are some beings so good and pure that their very passions are their virtues. It was so with Elizabeth Vandereck's charity. To indulge in it she cheated her own conscience; she deprived herself and her babes of all their little luxuries; she worked hard at the blue flannel, day and night (she was the fishermen's tailoress); yet, for all these, never had she known a happier time than those days of Margaret's slow recovery.

It would seem a thankless task to restore and cherish one who longed with all her heart to die; but, heavy as was the poor girl's burden of life, that burden she had so nearly laid down for ever, when it was returned to her by hands so gentle and loving she could but receive it with meek resignation and with gratitude.

Nurse and patient began to feel a deep affection for each other. Elizabeth would sit holding Margaret's hand long after she had ceased reading from that Book which they always opened as the day closed; and the two walked together in the manner of the wise women to whom Bunyan owed so much.

"You think on these things just as I do," Elizabeth would say, sometimes; "only you have thoughts far beyond me."

How could this woman be evil? she asked herself, when her chief pleasure during her sickness was in her Bible and in such talk?

Besides, she loved the children, and they loved her—a token of great grace in Elizabeth Vandereck's eyes.

One night, when Margaret had a relapse and was again partly delirious, she cried out, to Elizabeth's great joy,

"And yet, before God! I am as good as you."

"Before God! I trust and believe you are much better," said the young widow, kissing her white, wasted hands.

And it was wonderful how that wild cry of Margaret's comforted her. When she saw people who looked suspiciously like news-mongers from Wrexham or elsewhere she repeated the words over and over to herself.

At last—it was nearly three weeks before this came to pass though—Margaret came downstairs almost well.

Then some invisible barrier came between her and Elizabeth. The days were not so happy as they had been latterly when passed in the sick room.

Elizabeth's shrewd eye very soon detected the cause. After watching Margaret some time furtively as they sat at work together, she gave her a garment she had cut out, and told her, with a smile, that she must make it entirely herself.

The next day Elizabeth took the garment home with her other work, and returning, put some money into Margaret's hand.

"What is this, 'Lizbeth?" asked Margaret.

"What is it?" answered the widow. "The money for your work; no more, nor less."

"I don't understand," said Margaret, putting the money down with a weary smile, "why you give this to me."

"Don't you?"

"No, not at all." She looked up at Elizabeth standing by the window in the moonlight, with two tiny pairs of shoes slung by the straps over her arm.

"Don't you think I have seen through you, Maggie?" said she; "don't you think I've seen you push away your food when I knew you liked it most, and turn red and pale all the same minute? and don't you think I've seen you snatch at every bit of work you could get hold of? I've cured you of one disease, and now I want to cure you of another by showing you how you can be more gain than loss to me. Maggie, I know well enough what is the matter with you; you are suffering from a proud stomach. Ah laws, this world!"

The convalescent rose slowly from her chair and went to the window, and Elizabeth, from a feeling no more sentimental than the wish of the strong to uphold the weak, put her arm round her.

"Elizabeth," said Margaret, faintly, "you will show me how to earn the bread I eat with you; but, for the comfort you have brought to my poor broken heart, what words, what acts of mine can ever reward you?"

"Few words and one act would do it," answered Elizabeth. "Let the words be, 'I will stay with you,' and the act staying."

"But my story; let me tell it now."

"Not to-night; you are whiter than usual."

"Well, then, to-morrow."

"Yes, if you like."

Margaret leant upon her shoulder and wept quietly.

The moon was out and shone over the sea, and had smiled almost every wrinkle out of its grey face. It lay so calm and lovely, one could scarce look at it and not feel at peace.

Elizabeth Vandereck stood looking out at it, and, by her moist, bright eyes and quivering smile, the pale girl at her side knew she was thinking of one who had perished there, and then she too thought of one whom she believed to be at the mercy of those fitful waves.

Margaret leant her head on the young widow's shoulder, and the peace of the night and the low "hush, hush" of the sea brought a strange quiet into her soul.

She sighed as Elizabeth raised her arm to let down the patched blue cotton curtain.

"This night might be in heaven as well as earth," said Margaret, "and so might this sea."

"Ay," replied Elizabeth Vandereck, holding back the curtain with a proud and tender gesture. "I wonder, Maggie, what empress on this earth could point to anything more grand than that and say, It is my husband's tomb?"

CHAPTER III.

MARGARET'S STORY.

WHEN the little ones had been turned out on the beach in charge of an old man who acted as net-mender to the fishermen, linen-minder to some laundresses, as well as nurse, the two women soon had the floor of the small room covered with the blue flannel and serge on which they were at work.

Elizabeth stood at the table "cutting out" with her huge scissors. Margaret sat near the window stitching. Her cheeks had a faint pink flush, and her eyes were bright and strained looking. She had been smiling at her friend's jokes about some village gossip, but Elizabeth could see she only did so half absently, and that best part of her mind and heart were full of other thoughts.

"She won't keep it in long now," said Elizabeth to herself, as she pinned Margaret's seams for her. "I can see it by that pursed up little mouth, and the hard pull o' the needle."

"Don't draw your thread so tight, child," she said aloud.

Margaret started, and looked up with wet, excited eyes.

"It's no use, Mrs. Vandereck," she began, shaking her head. "I can't work any more till I've told you. It's all very well for you to trust me, and for me to dare you to distrust me in the way I have done, but——"

"But what?" asked Elizabeth, who had gone to pin a sleeve in the garment Margaret was at work upon.

Margaret watched her without replying instantly, her little hands locked wearily in each other.

Suddenly Elizabeth felt that her eyes were raised to her face with a searching and piteous gaze.

She understood then that Margaret's "but" meant after all, having only her own word to offer in favour of her character, Elizabeth's faith in her might yet fail.

Seeing this, she at first suffered a little impatience, threw Margaret's work to the farthest end of the room, and laid her hands on the slight shoulders as if she would give her a hearty shake.

Margaret looked up and faltered, half laughing and half weeping,—
"You *will* believe me!"

"Believe *you*, child!" answered Elizabeth. "Why, bless me!—you, poor little creature,—*my* only wonder is how you've ever come to this pass, when folks may see through your every look and word as through a bit o' glass, if they choose. But p'raps they didn't choose. There—give me that needle—I can work and listen too—though Josh never *would* believe it when he was at his yarns; but laws! some men that don't know what jealousy is against their own kind have it hot and strong at the sight of a needle and thread in one's hand when they're reading or talking, just as if one's ears were in one's fingers and thumbs! Ah, child! it's well we can't see all as lies before us in this life! If the hours had been counted out to me that that man o' men was to be spared to me, there had been few stitches o' mine stuck in those days!"

Elizabeth had seated herself in the sunshine near the open door, from whence she could see her children launching their paper ship in one of the sand pools, under the pilotage of the old net mender.

"First," said Margaret, suddenly, with the wild rose flush overspreading her face, "tell me, Elizabeth, what you've heard of me."

"Well," answered Elizabeth, turning round upon her and smiling a scornful good-humoured smile, "just this—that on your wedding day you ran away from your husband, an honest, seafaring man, to go off with a gentleman."

She kept her eyes wide and beaming with honest scornful incredulity on Margaret's face.

At first the girl returned her smile in her pleasure at the sight of

this good woman's faith in her, then her eyes suddenly filled and fell, her cheeks crimsoned, and the next instant she had flown to Elizabeth and thrown herself on her knees before her, her hands clutching her waist and her face buried in the work on her lap.

It was then that the secrets of the young, long suffering heart were poured out to Elizabeth Vandereck with the passion, truth, and self-pity of a child.

Margaret was the daughter of an innkeeper of Wrexham. She had been kept at school from the age of ten years to sixteen. She was then removed from it to Darnley Chace to wait upon its mistress, the most accomplished and most perfect gentlewoman in Wrexham—a lady whose failing sight and love of books and letter-writing made her first glad of the clever little school-girl, with her sweet voice and neat round handwriting, and, later still, more glad of the thoughtful, warm-hearted woman, with her simple independence, which took care, the lady knew, that Margaret Dawson considered she gave as much as she received.

Mrs. Kennedy, though a proud woman, had borne with Margaret's independence without a murmur, and it was certainly no difference between herself and her mistress on that score that caused their sudden separation at last.

In explanation of that parting the poor girl at her knees told a little story that held Elizabeth spell-bound. Divested of all the glamour her girlish imagination and tender heart full of wildest hopes threw around it, the simple truth was that her mistress's only son had loved her, and Margaret feeling at last that each day at Darnley Chace made the thoughts of leaving it more and more terrible to her, dared not trust herself to remain.

It was then she began a life little indeed to her taste. She became a barmaid at her father's inn.

One of its chief frequenters at the time of her return was a sailor named Hector Browne.

Almost from the first day of Margaret's installation in the bar of the Blue Jacket, this man began to pay her the most devoted and profoundly humble attention, so that the mere hearing of the details made poor Elizabeth think that Josh Vandereck's wooing had been a commonplace affair indeed.

Hector Browne was, in his relations with all but Margaret, one of the roughest, most reserved of men. He was well spoken of by his ship-mates, but was reported mysteriously as having no "land temper."

Elizabeth could easily see, what Margaret could not herself understand, how such a man had been drawn towards her. How to Hector, whose experiences of the female character had been all lowering and saddening, the refinement and reserve of Margaret Dawson seemed angelic qualities, and joined as they were to much grace and beauty as well as kind and simple manners, had a fascination for Hector so

powerful and so exquisite that, after two or three hours spent in her society, he found but one joy in life left him, and that was to be near her, to look deeper and deeper into what seemed to him a holy mystery, an opening into a new life, the pure light of which made his old life appear dark indeed—so dark that he began to loathe it and grow sick to the very soul at the thought of being plunged back into it once more, after this sweet star of hope had passed over it showing him vividly all its blackness. His rough, stubborn heart had humbled itself to the dust to serve her and hers ; and wonder at the change drew first Margaret's thoughts upon him, then her pity, and then—her love ? No, he scarcely dared hope that—but her consent to marry him ; and he trusted under her influence to do and be that which should win even her love before long.

Elizabeth could well understand all this, in spite of her friend's humble manner of speaking of the power she had over this man.

Margaret performed her new duties as well as if she had never "played at being a lady," as her father said ; and, though reserved, was gentle and good-tempered ; and at last people ceased to wonder about her, and to forget that they had seen her crying bitterly when behind the bar, or on her knees at church, or when the children brought home great bunches of buttercups from the meadows round the Chace. And so the meaning and mystery of those tears, as well as the mystery of her return to so apparently uncongenial a home and way of life, passed quite out of people's thoughts. Then suddenly came the new surprise—her marriage with Hector.

She had accepted him in the strangest way.

One morning, after he had haunted her for about a month without receiving a word of encouragement, she said to him suddenly, as they stood alone at the door :

"I am not wanted here. My youngest sisters think they can do all I do, and wish me away ; I know they do. It is hard to feel one is no good in the world at all. I have been parted so long from my father and mother they hardly look on me as their own daughter. You say you love me, and I think you do. Well, do you really need some one like me ? Do you really think I should be doing good if I married you ?"

Hector was for a moment speechless.

Elizabeth's quick heart understood why ; she knew it was that Hector's joy became for the moment almost an agony to him, because it deprived him of the power of answering, and he felt as if, in the violence of his agitation, he should lose the very thing that caused it.

But Margaret, with a calmness that to most men would have seemed stony coldness, but to Hector was angelic gentleness, laid her hand on his heaving shoulder, as he sat on the door-seat, with his head in his hands, and said :

"Well, well, Hector; be comforted—it shall be so. I desire to be of service to some one in the world: therefore I will come to you and be your wife, and do my best for you."

And now Hector's day of days had come, and he was to bring his angel of light and peace up to his solitary home on the cliff.

It was indeed to be a day of days for both.

Hector evidently had had misgivings from the first as to the effect which a noisy sailor's wedding feast would have on Margaret's sensitive nature, so easy to wound and so hard to soothe when wounded.

For this reason he could but regard as a most unlucky incident the fact of a ship being then in the harbour, having aboard many of his old sea-companions, whom he was forced to allow at his wedding.

The most dreaded of these was his cousin, Will Holder, or, as he was more often called, Ranting Will; the life and soul of the crew when aboard, and the ringleader of many a drunken brawl ashore. To hear him "spout Shakspeare" with his own improvements was a favourite pastime of the crew of the *Lovely Nancy*. Some declared him a genius, and said he would make a great actor; but Will was so fond of taking intentionally the proverbial step from the sublime to the ridiculous, that it was impossible for any of his admirers to persuade him to go through a single recitation seriously. He was a tall, wiry, strongly-framed man, with a plain face that had been scorched and scarred till it was almost hideous but for Will's honest, good-humoured eyes, which seemed to declare him as well-meaning and kindly as he was 'cute, noisy, and irrepressible. There was never any knowing whether his mood would continue the same for two moments together. He would keep a ring of faces aghast and open-mouthed at the almost diabolical energy with which he rendered some of the most famous of Shakspeare's speeches; and, when he had wrought them to the highest pitch of excitement, convulse them with laughter in an instant by some gesture or absurd change of text, as irresistible as it was sudden.

It was from no dislike towards Will that Hector Browne felt uneasy at having him as a guest at his wedding. Indeed, he thought to himself, as he watched Will's precipitate landing, that, were he going to marry any other woman than Margaret Dawson, it would be one of the chief pleasures of the day to have Will at the dinner and the dance.

But it *was* Margaret Dawson whom Hector was going to marry; and Margaret was, in Hector's opinion, the purest, most refined, and delicate minded of mortal women.

No wonder if his heart failed him when he was met on his way to the *Blue Jacket* by Will Holder and his friends.

Margaret, sitting in her white dress at her little window, saw them approaching, and grew cold and sick at the sight.

The uproar which the guests from the Lovely Nancy made in Rope Walk (as the fishermen's end of the beach was called) soon caused the bridegroom's party to be enlarged in a manner he had little expected or desired. Slipshod girls with screaming babies, troops of raggedurchins, yelling critical remarks to one another above the din they made with tin kettles, old watering-cans, and oyster-shell castinets, added considerably to the liveliness of the procession as it entered the narrow streets of the town. It was followed up by grinning elders, hobbling along on sticks and crutches, and headed, of course, by Ranting Will, who walked backwards, so as to face the bridegroom and procession, which he addressed in the words of Macbeth, Hamlet, or Richard III., just as his memory might best happen to serve him. Will took care that his address should not fall flat for want of dramatic gesticulation; and he refreshed his hearers by occasionally introducing into his quotations personal allusions to different members of the procession, which, however embarrassing to them, were immensely relished by the crowd in general.

Hector, after a few vehement entreaties and threats, was fain to submit to Will's pilotage with as good a grace as he could. Indeed, without an actual riot, he could not help himself, each arm being drawn through that of an affectionate shipmate, who upheld and cheered him as if he were being led to execution, and were likely to die of fatigue and fright on the road.

In this manner they arrived at the Blue Jacket, a long, low-built house, facing the dirtiest part of the harbour.

Margaret, with a sort of stony courage and determination, went downstairs, fearing to delay, lest, when the time came when she must do so, she should not have strength to stand. Will threw himself into an attitude, and exclaimed, "Angels and ministers of grace!"

Hector rose, almost trembling.

Elizabeth pictured to herself, from the girl's disjointed description, the vision that Hector had seen entering, so white, so coldly beautiful, that some of the most superstitious of the sailors must have half believed it was the bride's ghost who had come down to them instead of the bride herself.

How plainly Elizabeth could see her! Her face white, her dress white; her sweet hazel eyes and brown hair the only colour about her.

She went straight to Hector, trying to smile as she held out her hand. Then, to his great surprise, she went and gave her hand, as cold as snow, to each of his shipmates, enduring, without a blush, the half-stupid stare of admiration and wonder with which they regarded her. Hector led her to a bench and brought her cake and wine from the table. Margaret smiled and shook her head.

"Do, brave heart," pleaded Hector; "you've not broken your fast

this day, they tell me. Take this morsel, Margaret, for the sake of one who sees and understands what you are bearing for him."

She took the bit from his fingers; tears sprang to her eye. She looked at him: her white lips murmured,—

"No, no; God alone knows all. God be with us."

Hector put his arm round her and held the wine to her lips—an act which the company considered natural enough, and which encouraged them to finish their own glasses.

Margaret drank the wine and ate the cake, and Hector was rewarded by seeing a little colour on her cheeks, which deepened as she said,—

"Thank you for feeling for me, Hector. They have a little spoiled me at the Chace, and I feel all this quite strange; but you are so kind and considerate, I must indeed be selfish if I cannot keep down all such silly feelings for your sake."

"Bless thy brave heart, Maggie!" were the only words Hector could say.

Now was formed another procession, more motley and more noisy than the first. But Margaret was very patient, courageous through all—through the marriage service itself, in spite of the ring slipping three times from Hector's nervous fingers (an incident which made the bridesmaids look serious and the old women purse their lips and shake their heads at one another), in spite of a coffin and mourners meeting them as they came out of church; in spite of a few rattling drops of rain descending on the hats and on the white bonnets—through these and other ill omens the bride remained the quietest and most cheerful of the party.

The dinner-benches reached from end to end of the long parlour at the Blue Jacket, and it was pleasant to see the stout bridesmaids, with red arms bared to the elbow, bringing in the smoking dishes, and blushing refusing the assistance of their gallant guests, who, scarcely yet wound up to the occasion, sat looking rather helpless, with their brown hands on their white ducks.

But the dinner did away with all strangeness. Who could feel strange amidst such a clatter of knives and forks—such weak refusals to take a little more, and such hearty, persistent pressing to eat and drink on—amidst speeches which declared everybody at table the best fellow on the face of the earth, and modest cries of "Shame, mate! I'm ashamed on you!" from the individual whose virtues the orator was holding up for the edification of the company—amidst the vehement hand-shaking across the table, and round the table, and under the table, who could feel strange in such a scene? Certainly not the gentlemen from the *Lovely Nancy*.

Thicker grew the air in the low, narrow room, louder the noise, coarser the jokes, wilder the laughter; and there, in her seat at the centre of the table, paler grew the bride.

The bridegroom drank with his mates, and grew more elated every hour.

The garden was prepared for dancing, the musicians arrived and their merry strains set uncertain feet spinning and sliding, and floundering, and put an end to what little soberness was left.

Hector led out his bride first, and then she danced with Will, and then with others, till her cheeks burned and she trembled all over; and was led away again by Hector, who thought by her colour and the brightness of her eyes she was enjoying herself.

The dancers, few of whom were sober, danced in the burning sun till they were half mad with thirst, and then rushed back to the parlour and the grog, dragging Hector and the trembling and now half hysterical bride with them.

Patiently she sat down in her place, and patiently bowed her head, and tried to smile as Hector whispered her that it would soon be over.

And now, good-bye to politeness, complimentary speeches, moderation; good-bye, in fact, to all enjoyment—to everything save drink, smoke, oaths, quarrels, falling over of benches and chairs, shuffling of heavy feet, and dealing of drunken blows.

In vain Dawson remonstrated and Hector threatened; more and more furious grew the uproar, the din, and blasphemy.

Hector made several endeavours to get away with Margaret; but Dawson warned him the whole lot would follow him through the streets if he attempted to "break up the feast" before sunset.

Presently there was a scuffling at the door out of which the sailors appeared to be thrusting some intruder.

Suddenly they changed their minds and dragged him in right to the table opposite the bride, who started to see it was the coachman of Mrs. Kennedy, of The Chase.

He had come to say his mistress was waiting in her carriage in the road by the west lodge, and desired the bride to come to her and receive a wedding present she wished to make her.

At first the company had been indignant, especially as the lady's command was for Margaret to go to her alone; but on second thoughts they decided that Margaret should go and receive her present on condition that she gave the gentlemen of the Lovely Nancy enough to carry on their drinking bout till morning; or, in their own words, "to make a night of it."

"Promise, promise!" whispered Hector. "Anything to get away."

Margaret's white lips made a feint of repeating the horrible oath dictated to her by Ranting Will, whose spirits were now almost diabolical.

Then she was allowed to escape, and the coachman, after having been forced to drink the health of the company, and also that of the Lovely Nancy, was allowed to follow her.

A long, narrow lane led from the garden of the Blue Jacket to the high road, a quarter of a mile of which Margaret and her ill-treated companion had to traverse ere they could reach the entrance to the Chace by the west lodge.

For some time the poor girl felt like one just escaped from a mad-house, and even kept glancing fearfully behind her, as if in dread of being pursued.

But the freshening air and the sense of the day's worst horrors being over (for Hector had whispered her that she was to go back to the wedding-feast no more, but straight to his home, where he would be awaiting her coming), at last soothed and quieted Margaret's excited, over-wrought heart; and she kept murmuring thanks to Heaven for her escape as she hurried along.

And now that she could think quietly of it she was inexpressibly comforted by the idea of her old mistress and friend thus forgiving and remembering her after Margaret must have seemed so wilful and ungrateful by her sudden and inexplicable leaving.

Oh! what a sweet, cool, pure Eden seemed the Chace, as Margaret entered it, after the den of lunatics she had escaped from.

And there stood her dear lady's carriage, by the first clump of oaks.

The girl ran towards it, repressing a little cry of love and pleasure.

She put her hand on the door, and her eyes were so full of tears as she looked in that it was not until she had drawn her hand across them that she perceived the carriage was empty.

She looked round her, surprised and bewildered, and met the *gaze* of a fair, handsome face, from which she started as if its owner had risen from the dead.

"Captain Kennedy!" murmured Margaret.

Now came the bitterest moments the girl's strange life had ever brought her.

He had forced upon her this meeting, he said, not to reproach her with reflections on her unnatural treatment of him, or on her having showed *how* she valued his love and his vows that he would marry no other woman but herself—he had only come to show her how a gentleman and a soldier kept his word to the woman he loved.

He took from his pocket a paper folded like a lawyer's brief, opened it out, and said, with a terrible smile—

"Do you know what that means?"

She gazed for one instant, as if spell-bound, and with her eyes expanding and brightening unnaturally—while she saw what her instinct had divined, a special licence for her marriage to Charles Bryce Kennedy—then a cry, almost a shriek, of intensest anguish burst from her. The bitterness of the mistake she had made, the suppressed panic that had been increasing upon her all day, the strength of her old love—all overcame her at once; and, casting one wild glance

back towards the scene so full of horror to her, she turned to him with clasped hands, and crying,—

"Save me ! save me !" fell before his feet, as unconscious as if the shock had been her death-blow.

Suddenly as her fainting fit had followed her wild words, it must have been that she had had just time to experience a thrill of fear as to how they might be taken or *mistaken*.

That they had been mistaken—terribly mistaken—she knew when she recovered consciousness, and found herself in Kennedy's carriage miles away from Wrexham.

At this point of her story, Margaret wrung Elizabeth's good heart by her vivid painting of a scene such as could but take place between two noble, generous, and tender natures, trembling on the double abyss of a great sorrow and a great sin. It ended in such a farewell, so full of tender respect on both sides, as made the widow's blue eyes stream to hear of, and made her draw the girl to her heart a hundred times before she could let her go on with her story.

When Kennedy left her, Margaret had full time to get back to the Blue Jacket before suspicion should be excited by her absence.

Their parting had taken place at a dreary little fishing village, and from this Margaret knew her way along the sands straight to some back streets of Wrexham.

Elizabeth pressed her hand with joy as Margaret described the peace with which she hastened towards the scene she had so hated, and hated still, but regarded as heaven to what she had escaped from.

But when Margaret told her what she felt—time being then everything to her—at finding, a mile along the sands, that further passage was impossible, that she must go back all the way she had come, and then set out upon a road by which she could not hope to reach Wrexham till past midnight—when Margaret told her this, Elizabeth held her breath with fear.

The lights of Wrexham town were out, except those of some of the public-houses, when Margaret entered the high street.

All was quiet ; she scarcely heard a sound except the breaking of the sea at the end of the street.

She glided along, feeling as if she had been dead and buried, and that the sight of her must startle every living thing she met.

As she was passing a narrow court that led from the back of the row of houses adjoining the Blue Jacket, a burst of drunken laughter and singing greeted her and made her shrink back.

She could not find courage to cross the entrance of the court lest the party should burst out upon her before she could reach any place of shelter. As she hesitated, she recognised with horror Ranting Will's voice, and knew then that it was her own bridal party only then coming away from her father's house.

She heard her own name uttered with abuse and oaths that made her blood run cold.

The building against which she leant, pale and trembling from head to foot, was the old school, with its deep and curious doorway, which Margaret when a child at her lessons there had often seen artists sketching from the windows of the opposite inn.

Into this doorway she had hardly time to creep and crouch and cower in the shade, when the noisy wedding guests emerged from the court.

"Come, mates, no more of her, an' thou lov'st me," Will was shouting. "I never liked her mawkish face, not I;" and he sang in his hoarse, thick voice as he passed close by where Margaret crouched.

As the last of the reeling, swaying figures passed the porch, the poor bride rushed out and ran like a wild thing to the end of the street, where lay the dark white-rimmed sea.

As she stole past the black cottages of the fishermen she could still hear the hoarse voices singing the chorus of Will's song.

There was a light in the only window of Thrift Cottage that faced Margaret as she ascended the steep path of the cliff.

Faint and panting she struggled towards it, as if it were her only gleam of hope in the world.

Once she paused; her head grew dizzy, great fear came upon her, and she thought she must turn back and fly, but there seemed as she raised her eyes something almost kindly in the glimmer of the solitary little light, and all behind her looked so vast, so black, so dreary, and cold, and pitiless. The very sea, in its solemn warning voice, seemed to cry to her, "On! on!"

And on, on, the poor thing struggled, till, more dead than alive, she fell upon her knees on the dootstep of Hector Browne's home.

At first, she thought she must swoon or die before she could knock; but, suddenly, a voice met her ear, and held every sense in fixed and shuddering attention, in spite of her weakness and exhaustion.

The door was not quite closed; and by the light within the bride could see the bright neatness of the home that had been prepared for her by rough but loving hands; and her own hands were pressed against her heart, that reproached her passionately now for her black ingratitude.

The voice that seemed to stiffen Margaret's drooping figure and turn it to stone was an aged and weak voice, full of misery, and an indescribable terror that Margaret did not understand, but that, nevertheless, seized upon her like a hand of ice.

"Oh, Hector! Hector!" it cried. "Speak to me!—speak, Hector!"

Then Margaret heard a heavy, dull tread about the room, hither and thither, as if some one sought for things at different parts of it.

Now, she heard a key turned ; now a drawer or cupboard opened, and then shut again.

"Oh, my son ! my son !" wailed the voice ; "would you break my heart ?"

The bride shuddered and cowered down amongst the thrift lower and lower.

"Lay that in the handkerchief," said another voice, which was at once familiar and strange to Margaret, who drew yet farther back against the wall at its sound, so harsh, deep, and sepulchral.

She heard steps tottering across the room, as if in obedience to the command given ; but it was evidently with great unwillingness, for she heard a sorrowful sigh at the same time.

"I have done that, Hector. Is there anything more I can get you ?"

"Yes, I want the money I gave you to put by for yourself ; get it."

"Yes, sure," said the feeble voice, "you're welcome to it ; but, Hector, tell me, tell me what is it all for ?"

"Will you get it, or tell me where it is ?" said the other, sternly.

Margaret heard a drawer opened amid subdued sobbing.

"There, my son, take it, and God's blessing go with it."

"Hold your tongue," cried the man's voice, fiercely. "Is this a night for blessings, think you ? Give me the money. Is this all ?"

There was a bitter disappointment in the tone.

"Yes, all ; and enough, sure, Hector, from your small savings. I did not want it ; if I took it of you, it was meaning to turn it some day to your comfort or hers."

A cry of fear and grief followed the last word.

"Oh, Hector ! would you lift your hand against your mother ?"

"Who were you naming, then ?" asked Hector, hoarsely. "This money is all you have, you say ?"

"Nay, there's a few shillings in my pocket ; but if you're to be long away"—

"Well, and if I am ?"

"Your mother is to starve or beg her bread. Well, Hector, if I can bear this cruelty to-night, I can bear that."

"Peace, woman ; if you cannot help, don't hinder me," said Hector, with a kind of savage entreaty. "My knife, where is that ? I can find nothing."

"Hector, Hector, my son, my only bairn, speak to your mother," cried the old woman, in a voice that shook Margaret's frame from head to foot. "Only tell me what is this journey you would take ? On my knees I ask it, Hector. Oh ! can you see this grey head bent before you, my child, and deny me ? Answer, Hector ; what is this you would do ? Tell me—tell me."

"I can tell you nothing ; I know nothing myself yet ; nothing but that they played with wild fire when they played with me !"

Making a desperate effort, Margaret rose to her feet, and with her stiff, clenched hand, knocked at the door.

The night wind whistled softly round the lonely house, and lifted the dark hair of the lonely figure waiting at the door.

She had knocked, but so timidly, she began in her great fear to hope her knock might not have been heard within.

Through the two sounds of the wind and sea she listened intently.

Her heart beat fast, for she knew, she felt, that those within were listening also.

"What was that?" she heard the man's voice say. "Did some one knock!"

"Nay, Hector, nay!" cried the old woman. "I heard no knock. It was but the seaweed on the door being lifted by the wind."

The trembling listener heard a half-muttered word of impatience and disbelief, and then a heavy step coming towards the door.

"Stay, Hector!" cried the old woman, with sudden energy; "let me go; it may be Brackley. Oh! don't go to let him or any living creature see your face as it is to-night!"

Brackley was a coastguard and an old friend of Hector Brownie, who dropped in late to light his pipe or warm his hands by the sailor's fire.

As Margaret cowered down a little on one side where she had shrunk when she heard that heavy footstep approaching, the door suddenly opened, a thin, bent form stood in the doorway, and a voice, full of anguish and despair, and piteous weakness, cried out,

"If any knocked at this door I warn them to go away, for there is great sorrow in this house—sorrow nigh to madness."

And the door was suddenly shut and barred.

If she had stayed but a minute, a daughter's hands had clutched at her skirts, a daughter's tears bathed her feet. But she had gone; the door was closed; the poor outcast fell before it, smothering her sobs against the stones.

Again and again she heard the mother's wailing cry of,—

"Hector! Hector! speak to me!" and the heavy, heedless footstep moving about hither and thither.

"Speak to you!" she heard the deep voice answer once. "What of?—my thoughts? They might scare you, mother; you had best not hear them."

"Of yourself, Hector—of this journey you are going. I am old, Hector; my span is almost run out. You will kill me if you leave me without telling me where you are going."

"I do not know myself. How should I? *Did I plan their journey?*"

"Oh, Hector! Hector! 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!'"

"Where is that stone? My knife is rusty and blunt. I left

it all night in Margaret Dawson's garden, when I cut the lilacs for her."

The frightful calmness with which he uttered her name—the sound of the knife being sharpened on the stone—the sense of the utter lovelessness of her heart towards him, seemed all at the same instant to rouse the poor wife's terror to madness.

She rose up suddenly, with white lips and wild eyes, stared round her, and rushed shrieking from the door.

She flew, not towards the town, but away from it, to the other side of the cliff, down its steep, jagged side and along the quiet shore.

With the sea beside her and the thickest stars above her, the poor half-maddened creature had rushed till her limbs had failed her, and she fell as and where Elizabeth found her.

"And those blessed babes," sobbed the widow; "never shall I forget the sight to my dying day. Let me go and fetch 'em. I *know* we both want to kiss 'em over again for it."

But before letting her go, Margaret clung to her, and looking into her eyes, with her own streaming and kindling with a large pity, breathed rather than said—

"Oh, Elizabeth! Elizabeth! What, what has become of him?"

"Who?" asked the widow, trying to conceal the anxiety with which she waited for her answer.

"Who, Elizabeth? Who should I mean but Hector?"

"Thank God!" cried the widow, joyfully, clapping her hands, "all will come well. She thinks of *him* first. I'll go and fetch the blessed darlings to kiss her this minute, that I will!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW MAN AT PLUGGER'S.

A LITTLE town of crowded brick houses, packed closely together, as if the builders had been aware that the whole country side belonged by rights to corn and hops, and were half ashamed of intruding there at all; a little town with no shops worth mentioning, no white villas, no tree-sheltered mansions; but only a huddled mass of bricks and mortar in the shapes of houses, ungainly, unornamented, empty-looking; as if everybody who lived there went out to work, leaving the children to take care of themselves; which they do by balancing their bodies on the sills of the long blindless windows, hallooing to the trains as they go trailing and thundering past;—this little town, with its church on a hill, behind it—looking just mellow and moss-grown and retired as the town itself is raw-looking, naked, and crowded—is Bletwich, on the Alwy.

As the clock of the church tolled six, one summer's evening,

years before the trains began to run past Bletwich, the workmen of Abraham Plugger, shipwright, gathered together from the yards and creaking little jetty, and came towards the town, as usual, in two separate groups.

Of these two groups, the first consisted of Plugger's regular, steady-going elder workmen, who carried home over their shoulders their tool-baskets full of shavings for their wives to light the fire with, and whose words to each other as they toiled homewards in the heat and glare of the harvest weather were few and far between. The second group consisted of Plugger's boys, who always walked together, taking much longer strides and more manly pulls at their pipes than did their elders, and showing a much greater amount of swagger and consequence than those in advance of them had sufficient energy and strength remaining in them to show.

On this fine August evening there were two stragglers walking between the boys and men.

One was a young man who had for several years belonged to the group consisting of the hard smokers and swaggerers, but who had lately married, and had this evening ventured for the first time to fill his tool-basket with shavings, for which proceeding he was being joked unmercifully by Plugger's boys—so unmercifully, indeed, that he had escaped from amongst them, and yet had not courage to take his place amongst Plugger's elders, who did not fail now and then to throw a dry joke over their shoulders at him—a joke which was sure to be caught up and enlarged upon by the boys. He took it all, however, with a sort of desperate good-humour, and jogged along between the two fires with a dogged smile on his good-looking, boyish face.

The other straggler was the new man, who had only just been received at Plugger's that day, and of whom no one knew any more than that he was skilful and morose, and that his name was Browne.

Although in artizan-like garb, there was something about him that suggested he had spent more time on the seas than on land,—in that respect resembling many another of Plugger's half-amphibious men. He bore the marks of many a voyage on his face, on his half-bare chest, and on his brown hands, where the veins stood out like cords. It was a handsome English face, but there was something hardly English in the subdued passion of the lips and the sullen brilliancy of the dark eyes. One could fancy some of the fire of the Afric sun which had shone upon his birth (at sea) had entered them, and had crept into the man's very veins, so quickly with every thought did they swell and darken.

The men in advance threw glances over their shoulders at him as well as at the young husband, and spent a few careless thoughts and words on the question of where he was going to take up his lodgings.

That subject was evidently in the man's own thoughts also as the crowded red houses of Bletwich came more plainly in view.

After a little hesitation he slackened his pace, so as to fall in step with the other straggler, who noticed the movement gratefully, and was glad enough to be no longer alone in his confusion.

"It's fine country about here," remarked the new man.

"Yes, it is; and the hops is a-coming on fairly," said the other.

The new man gave a vague look down the river and then another up at the sky, as if the hops might be there or anywhere, and said,—

"Ay; they *are* too. I *did*," said he, after a long pause, during which the two studied each other's feet—"I *did* hear your name, mate; but I've forgot it again—Kennet, or Kingsley, or——"

"My name's Joseph Kinley," answered the young man; "Kinley, though I dessay you've heard me called all them and more. Yours is easier to remember, Mr. Browne."

"Yes, it isn't so uncommon but what an Englishman can say it without breaking his jaw," said the other, "May I ask what you might reckon the population of this little town at, Joseph Kinley? The cribs seem packed pretty closish, don't they?"

Joseph named a figure.

"Which," he explained, "you must take as meaning the sleeping population only; the dining population being, as you would see if you was to watch the number of covered-over basins carried out every day, some to the river-side, and some out to open country, little less than half."

"Then, mate, I take it beds are scarce here?"

"They *are*," assented Joseph; "of a night they *are* scarce."

"And Plugger would hardly let me do my sleeping of a day," said Browne, meditatively.

"You want a lodging!" observed Joseph, with some hesitation and a slightly heightened colour.

"That's about it I suppose, mate," replied Browne. "Your boats afloat there look pleasant enough just now; but I take it your fresh-water air wouldn't suit me of nights—and I'm too substantial to turn into one of these spider's hammocks, though you've got enough of 'em to lodge a man o' war in."

And he pushed away from before his face the airy webs that were spun from pole to pole of two hop-fields between which the nearest path to the town lay.

"Well," said Joseph turning his head, and looking searchingly and somewhat nervously into his companion's face; "I've got a room to let myself."

"Have you, now?"

"It's a bit of a place."

"My lad, I've not been used to the state cabin on *my* voyages, so don't let's split on *that* rock ; but I see another ahead."

"What's that, Mr. Browne?" asked Joseph.

"You saw me lay down my penny with the rest of you when we had the beer?"

"Yes."

"It was my last, Joseph Kinley."

Joseph took another searching look, and the new man returned him a cool, careless, honest glance.

"I don't think you'll get a lodging in the town, if that's the go, mate," remarked Joseph, smiling.

"No?"

"No, I think not."

"But how about *your* room?" asked Browne; and his own hard face had a smile on it as his eye met Joseph's again.

"Well, will you come and see it?" asked Joseph.

"Ay; but you won't trust me."

"On the contrary, I think I will, Mr. Browne," answered Joseph.

Joseph Kinley piloted the way through the close streets and alleys of the town, which already was beginning to fill with its night population—as hard-worked, begrimed, and honest a looking population as Browne had ever seen.

The two were still plodding on after the last squalid street was left behind them.

At length they came to a path between two hazel hedges, which Joseph designated as "our lane," and turned down accordingly.

There were breaks here and there in "our lane," breaks which were filled up by the most tiny and primitive of little thatched cottages. All of these Joseph passed, and did not stop till he came to the end of the lane, where there was a board with "No thoroughfare" on it, standing just before a rich thick hedge of holly, over which appeared all sorts of pretty garden creepers, such as nasturtiums, everlasting peas, and scarlet-runners.

A little gate stood open, showing a thick, summery wilderness within, as rich in colours as ripe cherries, and currants, and roses, and tiger lilies, and larkspur, and all sorts of August flowers, and a pretty young woman gathering them, could make it.

"No thoroughfare, indeed," observed Joseph's lodger, as he entered; "he must be a hard lubber to please that *wants* a thoroughfare out of this."

Joseph almost blushed with pleasure at the compliment as he called out to the young woman on the grassplat,—

"Alice; here's some one to look at the room."

"Your sister?" said Browne, inquiringly.

"No," stammered Joseph, "my wife."

A shade of surprise or pain, or both, passed over Browne's face.

He watched the meeting of the young people with a strange glitter in his dark, large eyes; watched Alice drop her flowers and come towards them, smoothing down her apron; watched the stolen look of affectionate pleasure in the meeting—a look they both thought so utterly between themselves. He watched the effort with which each refrained, on account of his presence, from a warmer greeting; and, watching, he grew giddy and strange. To look at him, one would have thought his senses were leaving him, so vacant became his glance, so abject with misery his attitude.

Joseph, having at that instant eyes for Alice only, did not notice him, till he dropped down on a bench just within the gate.

Then he started and stared at him, and so did Alice.

"Mate," said Browne, with a smile that was almost ghastly, "I've been leading a gentleman's life of it these last three weeks—a gentleman's life; and you go at it so—don't you, just—at Plugger's; truth is, I'm most knocked up."

"Let's have tea, Alice," said Joseph, kindly.

"A drink of water, lad!" begged Browne, hoarsely.

The draw-well was behind a little screen of scarlet-runners. Of course, Joseph went there to draw the stranger's draught fresh and cool; and of course Alice followed him with a basin ready to dip into the pail.

Now, as the scarlet-runners were scarcely yet in their prime, they betrayed glimpses of Alice's lilac gown and fresh cheek, and of Joseph's working jacket, red hands, and glowing boyish face; of the bright tin pail, too, which was no sooner placed on the edge of the well than both seemed to forget it.

The stranger on the bench at first had sat with his eyes bent on the ground; but soon he looked up towards the well. The very birds had seemed to cry, "Look! look!" and the odours of the flowers to draw his eyes that way.

So he looked, with his soul in his eyes—jealous, passionate, wounded—and saw the greeting given and received, more lovingly for the brief delay there had been on his account.

He looked, and the heavy odours seemed to choke him, and a scalding drop fell on his hard brown hand.

He clenched it in the other, and rocked to and fro as he sat bent down on the bench.

"*My* girl!" he muttered; "*my* love, *my* happiness!" Oh! he shall pay me for it, he shall; out of his heart's blood he shall pay me for it!"